THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 28. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

ENGLISH "FAIR PLAY."

Mr. Sexton Manfully Defends His Countrymen Against the Slurs of a British Blackguard, and is Punished by the Whig Muttonhead in the Chair.

He is Compelled to Withdraw From the "Mother of Dead Dogs After an Exciting Scene.

LONDON, July 11.—The house of commons, sitting in committee, continued this evening the discussion of Clause 9 of the Home Rule bill. This clause concerns the question of Irish representation at Westminster. Henry Seton-Karr, Conservative from St. Helens, moved that the Irish members of the imperial parliament be elected by the constituencies which would elect the Irish legislative council. Under this amendment the Irish in the house of commons would number 48, instead of 80 as proposed by the bill.

John Morley, chief secretary for Ireland, replied that this proposal was based on no principle of government, but was the result merely of a desire to curtail Irish representation in the house, and could not be accepted by the government.

Sir Richard Temple, Conservative for the Kingston division of Surrey, said that even 48 Irish members would be too many.

William Brodrick, Conservative for the Guildford division of Surrey, agreed with Sir Richard. The Irish were both impecunious and garrulous, and therein lay two reasons for reducing their representation in the house to a minimum.

Thomas Sexton, Anti-Parnellite for North Kerry, interrupted Mr. Brodrick to say that such language was grossly impertinent and ought not to be tolerated in the house.

The Unionists shouted "Withdraw," and the Irish cheered. Lord Randolph Churchill suggested that Mr. Sexton withdraw his words, as Mr. Brodrick's words were not intended for him personally.

The chairman told Mr. Sexton that he was out of order and must withdraw his expressions concerning Mr. Brodrick's speech. Mr. Sexton expressed his willingness to obey the chairman in case Mr. Brodrick would first express regret for his language.

Timothy Healy, anti-Parnellite for North Louth, said he regarded Mr. Sexton's attitude as quite justifiable. To call the Irish race impecunious and garrulous was to insult every Irish member who stood by his countrymen. The Irish cheered. The Unionists shouted their protests, and for two or three minutes the house was in an uproar. Chairman Mellor appealed to the members to support him and close the incident.

Mr. Gladstone spoke a few words in favor of the chairman's decision, but added that the person striking the first blow ought to make the first overtures for a reconciliation.

Mr. Balfour, leader of the Unionists, said that, acting under his advice, his honorable friend (Mr. Brodrick) refused to apologize.

The chairman turned, appealing to Mr. Sexton, who had been conferring with several of his colleagues on the Irish bench. Mr. Sexton did not respond, as was expected, to the appeal.

"I am willing to do anything consistent with my duty to please the prime minister," he said, "but, considering the gravity of the insult offered to my countrymen, I have decided not to make any apology. I submit myself to the judgment of the committee."

Loud cheers greeted this statement. The chairman hesitated and finally ordered Mr. Sexton to withdraw. Mr. Sexton shouted back hotly: "Such a course is unprecedented. Why am I not named and my conduct submitted to the house?"

Irish cheers, Unionist shouts and cries of "Divide!" followed this challenge. The chairman pulled himself together and with more show of spirit than he has made before repeated his order that Mr. Sexton withdraw.

Mr. Sexton again refused to do so. The Irish cried, "Don't withdraw." Several of them were on their feet to speak. The Unionists shouted that Mr. Sexton should be compelled to obey. In the turmoil the chairman gave his third order that Mr. Sexton withdraw. Mr. Sexton stuck doggedly to his seat. The chairman then explained the standing order concerning the suspension of members disregarding the authority of the chair. His last words were almost taken from his mouth by Timothy Healy, who exclaimed: "This is a shame. It has never been done before. It is due to Milman."

This reference to Archibald Milman, clerk assistant in the house, and the immediate inference that he had been coaching Mr. Mellor as to his duties, caused a general disturbance. The Unionists shouted derisively, "Who is chairman?" The Irish replied in chorus, "Milman is boss." Several Liberals called out, "Let the chairman alone."

Mr. Mellor sat helpless throughout the tumult. As the disorder abated he was again baited by Mr. Sexton, who shouted, "Am I to be the victim of a malicious intrusion of the clerk?"

The inquiry was answered only by renewal of the uproar, above which could be distinguished cries of "Put him out."

Mr. Gladstone appealed to Mr. Sexton to obey the chairman. Mr. Sexton replied with evident reluctance that he would leave his defense with the prime minister. Cheers and counter cheers were given when he made this statement. As he retired the Irish jumped on the benches, waved their hats, and cheered furiously.

Afterwards, Mr. Brodrick withdrew his statement that the Irish were garrulous and impecunious and order was restored.

Mr. Seton-Karr's amendment, which had been quite lost to view in the hubbub, was then rejected by a vote of 251 to 219.

Subsequently on a motion to adjourn Timothy Healy appealed to Speaker Peel against Chairman Mellor's treatment of Mr. Sexton. The speaker, however, supported Mr. Mellor's decision.

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

On Saturday morning, June 24, says a Reuter's telegram from Paris, there took place at Batilly, on the Franco-German frontier, the ceremony of the transfer to German territory of the remains of the Prussian soldiers of the Guards who fell on French soil in 1870. The ceremony was of a most impressive description. A deputation of soldiers and officers of the Prussian Guard was drawn up in front of the coffins, and behind them was a company of German infantry, with a band. In the rear of these Gen. Jamont, surrounded by a brilliant staff, and with massed bodies of French troops, formed a hollow square. As soon as the troops were in order Chaplain Loulstein recited the *De Profundis*, being followed by Chaplain Drusseler, who pronounced in German an eloquent speech on the heroes of 1870. M. Gattelet, *cure* of Batilly, then delivered an address to the troops. He reminded his hearers of the glorious deaths of French and German soldiers in 1870, and declared that courage and devotion to one's country inspired even the respect of enemies. At the conclusion of his speech a procession was formed, at the head of which marched the French gendarmerie, followed by a squadron of hussars. Then came the coffins containing the remains of soldiers who fell in the war, followed by six officers of the Prussian Guards, Gen. Jarmont and his staff, and a deputation of German veterans. Two companies of French infantry formed the rear of the procession. After marching for some minutes the frontier was reached, and there Gen. Count Von Haeseler, commanding at Metz, with a brilliant staff, and accompanied by the high functionaries of the province, was awaiting the cortege. A company of German infantry, with the colors of the Prussian Guard and a band, was drawn up as a guard of honor. At the word of command the French hussars advanced at the trot, and halted in front of the German general. The captain of the squadron then gave orders for a general salute, which was executed with admirable precision. The compliment was returned by the Germans, who beat their drums and presented arms. A moment later the French and Germans stood face to face, and the generals and staffs exchanged salutes. The coffins, accompanied by a French band playing a funeral march, were then borne to the frontier. Gen. Von Haeseler rode up to Gen. Jarmont and saluted him. Gen. Von Haeseler then presented the members of his staff by name to the French general and staff, and invited him and his officers to pass on to German territory. Gen. Jarmont thanked him and contented himself with riding down to the German line, being saluted with every mark of respect. A German procession was formed, and the remains were placed in a monument a short distance from the frontier, after which three volleys were fired. The whole ceremony had a most excellent effect. A telegram received in Paris from Metz states that the ceremony produced a profound impression on the Germans, who praised without reserve the admirable manner in which the French rendered military honors. The moment when Gen. Von Haeseler and Gen. Jarmont stood face to face is described as having been extremely impressive.

Catholic Knights Excursion.

The Knights of St. Patrick will give their annual excursion to Lake Villa on Wednesday, July 19. This will be one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season, as the Knights have the reputation of knowing how to entertain their friends. The excursion committee is made up of the following gentlemen: Ald. John Powers, chairman; Timothy E. Ryan, Ald. Morrison, L. A. Yore, J. B. Wilmot, William Tobin and J. H. Carmody. The committee on games are Ald. Thomas Gallagher, Matthew McGinness and George W. Lyons. With those gentlemen in charge of affairs a pleasant time is assured. A special committee has made arrangements with the hotel proprietors for dinner, and a first-class meal will be served at reduced rates, with a half rate for children. The fare for the round trip has been placed at $1.50, and for children between 6 and 12 years 50 cents. Anyone desirous of viewing the beautiful scenery around Lake Villa should take advantage of this opportunity offered and enjoy a pleasant day where they can be sure that every precaution will be taken for their safety and comfort. Trains will leave the Wisconsin Central at 9 o'clock sharp, stopping at Blue Island avenue, Ashland avenue, Western avenue, California avenue, Madison and Fortieth streets.

THE CELTIC TONGUE.

An Able and Interesting Australian Writer in the "Austral Light" Breaks a Lance for the Olden Language.

Those Who Pronounce It Harsh to the Ear Have Heard It Spoken Only by the Uneducated.

[*From the Austral Light, Melbourne.*]

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

But I have often heard Irish men and women say that even though they knew nothing about it, they could judge it vulgar by the sound of it. Now, that inane and contemptible fallacy ought not to be considered, and should not, but for the love we bear the subject of this paper. It is not the language, but the speaker that is accountable for the sound. I believe it is generally admitted that Italian is about the softest and most euphonious of modern languages. Yet if you ever find yourself in any city of Italy—say Naples or Venice—and go out in the evening to some place where the townspeople meet to talk, I will give a thousand to one you will be off in disgust before ten minutes from that language so famed for euphony; vowing in chagrin that, compared with a jargon like *that*, Pandemonium were purely respectable. And in that you may not be far astray. But where you would be astray, would be, if you were to judge the speech of Dante and of Petrarch by the jabber of an Italian street crowd. And this is how Irish is always judged—especially by Irishmen themselves. We hear some poor uncultured old men or women conversing in their native Gaelic. The speakers are strangers to us. The language they speak is a mystery to us. We are unconscious that a good score of causes have long since predisposed us to regard it as vulgar. And we look upon it as such on the strength of these causes, while complacently deeming ourselves judging it fairly by the sound of it. Some of these predisposing causes are: First, the debasement in our people of human nature itself—the living effect of forgotten penal times. Second, but in fact there is no second—every other cause is only an effect of that debasement of human nature. It is through that machine for the debasing of human nature in us that our Irish language came to be heard only among the poor; through it our so-called educated men came to know nothing about it, and to believe that they could not be called educated men unless they despised the language of their own clean, green little island. It is through that debasing of human nature in our people that the majority of Irishmen are ignorant of the very existence of their own Homeric literature. It is through it we take for granted that the language of a people, admittedly the most refined by nature in the world, is uncouth and vulgar; or if we claim not to take it for granted, if we deign to profess to reason the case at all, it is through that debasement that our justifying data for despising our own language will be sure to be, that we know it is vulgar by the sound of it. I say it here again, this proves the perfection of the art by which we were taught to be slaves. Surely Burke had weighed our case well, and gauged our position minutely, when he said of the penal code that "it was a complete system, full of coherence and consistency, well-digested and well-arranged in all its parts; it was a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well-fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

Sound has very little to say to the reasons that make Irishmen laugh at Irish. It is not the sound that evokes their mirth—it is unconscious, immemorial custom. It is just because Irish is generally laughed at by those who know nothing about it that we feel bound to laugh at it. We want to let it be seen that our intelligence is up to the average. It is like laughing consumedly at a superior's joke, which may be as flat as unsalted porridge, just because to enjoy a superior's joke is a time-honored method of showing deep and rare intelligence, finished fitness for promotion. The English became and remained our superiors, and they joked at the sounds of a language they wanted to destroy, that they might destroy the racy, native heart that language would be sure to keep beating in the people who spoke it. And we came to enjoy their joke, and those who laughed most thereat were called "the intellectual portion of the community," and are called so today.

Sound, forsooth! Do we remember when we began to learn French, how the very first word of it we had to pronounce had to be sounded like a grunt? Now, if we treated French at that time as we treat Irish—that is, if we had judged it by the sound of it, and refused on that score to learn it, what wisdom we should have shown the world! But fashion does not laugh at French, and so neither did we. Fashion admires it, goes in for it, and so did we. And this reminds me that I have known and know Irishmen who greatly admire Greek, because of its beautiful sound—men who never heard the sound of it, men who never learned the alphabet of it, but who had somewhere seen that Gladstone was a great Greek scholar, that he had lauded up the language in his books, and they were at once of Gladstone's opinion, priding themselves on how they had reasoned out the matter, and on the independence of that literary judgment of theirs. Oh, Max Muller, how I respect thee for that unfashionable saying of thine, that there are plenty of passages in famed old Homer not worth the trouble of a read, and plenty of passages in authors all unknown to fame deserving to be read a hundred times.

And often have I wondered at those men of Forty-eight, those young men to whom everything must be forgiven, they were so purely and sincerely Irish,—often have I marvelled how it never occurred to them, gifted and brilliant students as they were, to study and to write the language of the Celt. One of them sang to his brother bards:

"No whining tones of mere regret,
Young Irish bards for you;
But let your songs teach Ireland yet
What Irishmen should do."

What a wonder that none of them wrote a line—and what a pity, because it would surely be an eloquent and stirring line—to tell us hold fast by our olden tongue. *That* I conceive to be a very chief one of the things that Irishmen should do. See how they told us in Ninety-eight to keep the green—and the green, although a color for which we would be ashamed not to die, would be a small loss compared with the loss of our native tongue. Now, for good or ill I am no bard myself. But as this may catch the eye of some bardic nature who will, doubtless, do it justice, I will make bold to rhyme this subject to that noblest of all Irish airs—"The Wearin' o' the Green":

THE LANGUAGE OF THE GAEL.

Oh, then Paddy dear, did y'ever hear
the likes o' this before,
That Irish is a foreign tongue within
the Irish shore?
No more the boys and colleens love the
speech of Grawnya Wail,
There's now no need of laws agin the
language of the Gael.

Oh, I met an Irish bard upon a lone, far
alien strand,
And he says, "What news of Erin's
tongue, so old and so grand?"
Sure, then, bard, your proud old Celtic
heart would break to learn the tale,
Our men and women all have "hung"
the language of the Gael.

Oh, then, if the language we must speak
be England's fraudful tongue,
Sure 'twill remind us always how the
change from thraldom sprung.
From Limerick's broken treaty, from
Satanic penal laws.
Perfidious Albion's murdering of our
Mother and our cause.

Oh, when the laws can stop the carol of
the skylarks as they soar,
And when Saxon penal codes can hush
the angry ocean's roar,
Oh, then I will change the speech so long
the pride of Innisfail.
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to
the "Language of the Gael."

J. M. O'REILLY.

Camperdown, Sydney.

A STIRRING BALLAD.

[*To the Editor.*]

The following beautiful poem was written by a Maynooth student several years ago. That he was filled with a love for the language of his native land, no one who reads the poem can deny. Poetry very often conveys our real feelings when ordinary language fails. Conpare its opening lines with the stirring Welsh ballad—

"And shall the brave Lewelleyn die?"
The wherefore and the why?
No! Thirty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!"

And are we not struck with this similarity of metre? The name of the writer has never been made public. If Maynooth cradled a good deal of West Britonism, it also fanned the flame of lofty patriotism. T.J.F.

The Celtic tongue, then must it die? Say
shall our language go?
No! by Ulfadha's kingly soul, by Sainted
Laurence, No!
No! by the shades of saints and chiefs of
holy name on high,
Whose deeds, as they have lived with it,
must die when it shall die!
No! by the memories of the past that
round our ruins twine,
No! by our evening hope of suns in coming days to shine
It shall not go, it must not die, the language of our sires,
While Erin's glory glads our souls, or
Freedom's name inspires
That lingering ray from stars gone down.
Oh! let its light remain
That last bright link with splendors
flown, oh! snap it not in twain!
And build ye up the Celtic tongue above
O'Curry's grave.
Speed ye the good work, ye patriot souls,
who long your land to save,
Who long to light the flame again on
Freedom's altar dead—
Who long to call the glories back from
hapless Erin fled—
Who long to gem her saddened brow
with queenly wreath again,
And raise a warrior people up, a Nation
in her train.

A. O. H.

Division No. 19 will hold their fourth annual picnic at Oswald's grove, Fifty-second and Halsted streets, Sunday, July 16, in the afternoon and evening. Divisions No. 19 and 35 will march from their hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted, and will be escorted by Companies D, E and G, Seventh Regiment, I. N. G. A good time guaranteed to all.

ROMAN NEWS.

The Papal Consistories—Cardinals' Hats Bestowed Upon Many Eminent Prelates.

Appointment of Many New Bishops—Miscellaneous Matters.

THE CONSISTORIES.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. held the announced consistories, respectively, on Monday and Thursday last. Unfortunately that brilliant writer, M. George A Sala, was not present, as in January last, to give us another of his sparkling and artistic pen pictures of the scene; but his famous "Frae e cravatta bianca" came irresistibly into the minds of his compatriots still sojourning in the Eternal City who witnessed Thursday's ceremony. It must be acknowledged that a little air would have been looked upon as a signal grace by the closely packed assistants, who were the victimized experimenters of a Turkish bath, *sans douche*, alas! for over three hours. But then we know that the Roman hates a draught, and dreads it far more than suffocation. On Thursday his Holiness gave the hat to Cardinals de Pietro, Sanz y Fores, Meignan, Thomas, Galimberti and Vaszary, who were created and published members of the Sacred College at the Secret Consistory on the 16th of last January; and Cardinals Graniello and Sarto, who were created and published at Monday's Secret Consistory. During the ceremony the Consistorial Advocate, Chevalier Alibrandi, pleaded for the first time in favor of the cause of beatification and canonisation of the venerable servant of God, Julie Billuart, foundress of the Congregation of Sisters of Notre Dame Namur. Then THE CARDINALS WENT IN PROCESSION FROM the Sala Regia, where the ceremony took place to the Sixtine Chapel, preceded by the Pontifical Chaplains, singing the *Te Deum*. The *doyen* of the Sacred College then recited the prayer "Super Creatos Cardinales," and on coming out of the Sixtine Chapel the new Princess of the Church received the "kiss of peace" from their colleagues. The Public Consistory being at an end, the Holy Father held the Secret Consistory in the Sala del Consistorio. The following Sees were provided for: Patriarchate of Venice, Cardinal Sarto; Titular Archbishopric of Sinnada, Mgr. Gonzalez; Metropolitan Church of Lyons, Mgr. Coullie; Metropolitan Church of Carthage, Mgr. Combes; Metropolitan Church of Rennes, Mgr. Laboure; Titular Archbishopric of Anazarabe, Mgr. Sandarillas; Metropolitan Church of Chambery, Mgr. Hautin; Cathedral Church of Neusohl, in Hungary, Mgr. Rimley; Cathedral Church of Osma, Mgr. Guisasola y Menendez; Cathedral Church of Chihuahua, Mexico, Rev. Joseph de Jean Ortez; Titular Bishopric of Joppa, Rev. J. F. Van der Stappen, of Malines; Titular Bishopric of Arsinoe, Rev. J. Bone, Buenos Ayres; Titular Bishopric of Tiberiopolis, Rev. D. A. Espinoza, of Buenos Ayres; Titular Bishopric of Antedon, Rev. J. Carter de la Serena, Chili. His Holiness also notified the following Sees already provided for by Brief: Dubuque, recently raised to the rank of a Metropolitan See, Most Rev. Dr. Hennessy; Titular Archbishopric of Osinorico and Coadjutorship of St. Louis, Most Rev. Dr. Kaine, late Bishop of Wheeling; Titular Archbishopric of Leontopolis and Administrator Apostolic of Guadeloupe, Mgr. Clement-Soule; Metropolitan Church of Colombo, Mgr. Melizan; Titular Archbishop of Sardes and Delegate Apostolic of San Domingo, Mgr. Tonti; Titular Archbishop of Sebaste and Coadjutor of Santa Fe, Mgr. Chapelle; Cathedral Church of St. Joseph, Mo., Right Rev. Dr. Burke, transferred from Cheyenne; Cathedral Church of Caies, Haitil, Rev. M. A. Morice; Titular Bishop of Larunda and Coadjutor of Hobart, Australia, Rev. Patrick Delaney (Ballarat); Titular Bishop of Doliche, Mgr. Ritter, Vicar Apostolic of Sweden; Titular Bishop of Mauricastre; Rev. W. Staal, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Batavia; Titular Bishop of Amizone, Rev. T. T. Coner, O.P., Vicar Apostolic of Amoi, China; Titular Bishop of Limira and Coadjutor to the Vicar Apostolic of South Birmania, Rev. A. Cardot; Titular Bishop of Tripoli, Rev. L. Lasagna, of the diocese of Casale.

CONGREGATIONS AND TITLES ASSIGNED TO THE NEW CARDINALS.

The newly created Cardinals have been named members of the following Congregations by biglietto from the Secretary of State: Cardinal Thomas, studies, rites, bishops and regulars, ceremonial; Cardinal Galimberti, propaganda, fide ecclesiastical affairs (extraordinary), consistorial and lauretana; Cardinal Sans y Fores, bishops and regulars, rites, index, indulgences; Cardinal Meigan, studies, council, index, discipline; Cardinal Vaszary, studies, index, council, rites; Cardinal Graniello, bishops and regulars, council, index, ceremonial; Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, bishops and regulars, studies, indulgences and rites. At the second Secret Consistory when the Pope had unsealed the mouths—that is to say, permitted the new members of the Sacred College to have henceforth a voice in all the Councils of the Church—and had bestowed upon them the ring of their office, he assigned the following titles: To his Eminence Cardinal di Pietro, the Presbyteral Church of St. Bonifacio and Alessio; to Cardinal Sans y Fores, St. Eusebio; to Cardinal Meignan, Trinita dei Monti; to Cardinal Thomas, St. Maria Nuova; to Cardinal Galimberti, St. Nereo and Archilleo; to Cardinal Vaszary, St. Martino ai Monti; to Cardinal Graniello, St. Quirico and Guiletta; to Cardinal Sarto, Patriarch of Venice, the title of St. Bernardo alle Thame. According to the long established custom the Cardinal-Secretary of State entertained the new Cardidals at a banquet on the day of the Consistory.

CARDINALS' EXPENSES.

Here is an abbreviated list of the expenses which newly-created Cardinals have to incur when in the Eternal City. A printed list is delivered, the amount of which—comprising the Bull, offerings, and amounts to different employes of the Pontifical court—is 722,223 lire (or francs.) To the domestics of the Secretary of State 485fr. 94c. is duly offered and accepted. Upon the delivery of the hat 3,630fr. 65c; for the Cardinal's ring the sum of 3,610fr. 65c. must be given to the Propaganda Fide Congregation to be used for charitable purposes. Consequently the amount which a new Cardinal must expend is 14,008fr. 82c. There are other expenses which may be called concomitant, such as the purchase of furniture, chapel ornaments, carriages, horses, etc.; so that a Cardinal *de Curia* finds himself obliged of necessity to spend at least 60,000 lire at Rome.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY.

His Eminence Cardinal Moran quitted Rome on Thursday en route for Ireland, via Naples, in hopes that the second sea voyage may restore him to complete health. As we said in last week's letter, although much benefitted by his stay at Frascati, his Eminence is still very weak. Overwork is partly the cause of his poor health, for night and day before leaving for Rome, and even on board ship, we are told, he worked constantly at a history of Australia wnich is now in the press, and which will be a brilliant proof of the distinguished churchman's erudition.

CATHOLIC MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

At the municipal elections in Turin the Catholics won important victories. Twelve candidates were elected, and of these four were Catholics. The triumph is all the more valuable because hitherto the Turin Catholics have not been accustomed to success. The results of the elections have given great encouragement to the faithful in Rome, who for some time past have been preparing for a similar contest. A good deal of earnest work has been done, and organization has been perfect. The issues of the elections which took place on Sunday has given great joy to the Catholics. Eleven of their candidates have been elected, and only seven Liberals.

BRIEF ITEMS.

The Pope has presented Commander Mustafa, director of the Papal choir, with two large silver medals and a letter of praise for his recent musical compositions upon the occasion of the Episcopal Jubilee. The gift was conveyed by Mgr. della Volpe, Majordomo to Leo XIII. The Spanish Ambassador to the Vatican, M. Terry del Val, will give a grand reception in honor of the newly-elected members of the Sacred College on Thursday next. The walls of the new Benedictine Monastery on the Aventine Hill are rising rapidly.—*Liverpool Catholic Times, June 23d.*

OBITUARY.

OFFICER JOSH MANSFIELD.

Officer John Mansfield, of the Chicago police force, a native of county Wicklow, Ireland, aged 25 years, died recently at his residence, No. 5210 Emerald avenue, after a brief illness. He was a faithful and able public official and never failed to do his whole duty under any circumstances. Deceased was a member of the Policeman's Benevolent Association, Court Boyle O'Reilly Catholic Foresters and other organizations. He was a sincere and devoted Irish Nationalist. May he rest in peace.

JEREMIAH O'DONNELL.

The remains of the late Jeremiah O'Donnell, who died recently of consumption, were interred in the family lot at Mount Olivet cemetery on Thursday last. A large number of friends and acquaintances went from the city to attend the interment. Mr. O'Donnell, who, up to the period of his conviction for alleged participation in a jury "fixing" case, bore a stainless reputation, was physically broken down by his imprisonment at Joliet. The mental anguish of his position, to a man of high spirit, was insupportable and he speedily succumbed. The unfortunate young man stoutly protested his innocence, but the evidence given at the trial gave the jury a different impression, and he was found guilty as charged. Everybody who knew "Jerry" O'Donnell, as he was familiarly called, is unfeignedly sorry for his sad and early doom. His amiable private qualities made him many friends who sincerely believe in his innocence and will always hold his memory dear. M. O. C.

Summer Weakness, that tired feeling, loss of appetite and nervous prostration are driven away by Hood's Sarsaparilla, like mist before the morning sun. To realize the benefit of this great medicine, give it a trial.

Sure, efficient, easy—Hood's Pills.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued).

"Very well done, upon my word," remarked Swanley, after the division of the captives into three groups had been accomplished. Then, drawing a official looking document from his breast, he confronted the Irish soldiers. In a loud tone he spoke as follows:

"Now, prisoners all, I will enlighten you as to your disposal. The sailors shall be drafted into various vessels to serve the parliament; the English soldiers shall be sent to be imprisoned in London for the time being; and the Irish soldiers shall be sent—well, listen, you Irishmen, and you shall soon learn that much.

"You are aware, men, that in last September a cessation of arms for one year was agreed on between Charles, styled king of England—through his viceroy, the Marquis of Ormond—and the Irish rebels in arms for their Popish religion, the rebels also engaging to pay a free contribution of £30,000 to the king—of course to assist him against our Christian and sanctified parliament, which may God preserve and enlighten! Along with this, Ormond is continually sending reinforcements to help the king to maintain his accursed war against the children of righteousness, against the saints and the Lord."

"What means this crop-headed loon?" muttered O'Carroll in a low tone, to his companions.

"Now, let me inform you—though I doubt not but you know it well already," went on the puritan commander—"that eight days after this abominable truce was signed, our godly and hallowed parliament declared 'that no Irishman or papist born in Ireland should have quarter in England'—see, I hold their decree in my hand—for they believed, and truly say I, that had the war been pressed on, the Irish papists would have been compelled from hunger to eat each other up. But the hand of the Lord is strong upon the sons of Belial. The rebellious papists, with their idolatrous worship, their popish superstitions, their Romish abominations, and all the rest of their iniquities shall perish before the sword of the Lord and of Gadeon. The Irish reinforcements for the tyrant have been crushed by our glorious Gen. Fairfax, who has slain 200 of them and taken 1,500 of them prisoners. I am now to obey the orders of the parliament. Men, you may strip those Irish prisoners ere they walk the plank."

At the word a number of the pirate's men pounced upon the first pair of victims, led them forward, unbound their hands, and eagerly commenced to strip them of their clothes.

"What, sir!" said Willoughby in anger and amazement, "dare you really commit such a crime as this?"

"Pshaw! captain," said the Puritan, with a cruel smile, "'tis but a ready way we have with our Irish prisoners. Capt. Mytton has already adopted this excellent system with Irish soldiers sent by Ormond by way of Chester, and so has the worthy Earl of Warwick. Heaven be praised for its invention, but 'tis a splendid method."

Willoughby turned from the blasphemous wretch with a look of the most intense loathing, but O'Carroll sprang forward and confronted Swanley with clenched fists and flashing eyes.

"Vile roundhead," he cried, "infamous dog, can you contemplate such an iniquity for a moment? Know, scoundrel, that it is no crime to be Irish."

"Peace, Irish brat!" retorted the Puritan; and that instant he was felled to the deck by the strong fist of the enraged O'Carroll, who was immediately seized and bound by some of the pirates.

"Ay, ay, bind him fast, my men," hissed Swanley, rising, as he wiped away the blood that streamed from his mouth and nostrils; "we'll soon pay the scoundrel for this!"

"Villain, I dare your worst," shouted the stalwart Irishman.

Meanwhile the two doomed men were stripped stark naked; and now, lashed back to back, they were urged with pricks of knives and cutlasses toward the open gangway, from which a long plank extended over the water. Along this plank the victims were driven, notwithstanding their piteous cries. In spite of their bound condition they managed, with all the tenacity of a last struggle for life, to maintain their precartous footing until they reached the extremity of the narrow path that led them from life to death. Then, as the end of the pland resting on the deck was suddenly raised by the murderous hands of the pirates, the unfortunate men, with a last fearful shriek of despair, were precipitated into the foaming water. The greenish brine boiled and bubbled for an instant, and then the white waves rolled on as sparkling as ever in the still genial sunshine, covering all trace of as fonl a crime as ever sinful man committed against God and his fellowman.

It was now that the doomed Irish comprehended the whole terror of their situation, and a most distressing scene ensued. Some threw themselves on their knees, and, seemingly oblivious to all around them, engaged in earnest and fervent prayers, their voices blending solemnly and touchingly as they repeated the sonorous Irish pater and ave, and as the simple yet beautiful "She dhe vah, a-Muire," or "Hail Mary," was murmured in unison from their lips. Others, less prone to religion, but to natural sentiments, stood proudly and fearlessly erect, waiting their doom; but their eyes were moist and had a far-away look, for their thoughts were of home and friends, of wife and children, and had wandered far beyond the blue hills of Clare, the nearest part of their native land—had wandered far away to nestle for a few short seconds in many a beloved glen and valley of old Ireland. And other poor fellows, both strong men and mere striplings, broke down beneath their great and unexpected grief, and sobbed and cried aloud a last sad *ululu* for the hearts and homes they should never see more.

"Listen, Sassenachs," exclaimed one magnificent specimen of a Hibernian, young, tall, robust, and symmetrical, as the rough hands of the miscreants were tearing off his garments, "if ever any of you should see the sweet village of Malahide, tell Owen Casey that his son Ned died like an Irishman. No, no, Sassenach, not that, not that, for heaven's sake!" he cried, as one of his rude disrobers took a small plait of brown hair from his bosom; "'twas the last gift of poor Cauth McGinnis, my own poor colleen dhas, whom I shall never see again. May heaven bless her and my parents! God have mercy on me."

And, bound hand and foot to a comrade, the brave man was hurled from the fatal plank for ever.

And so the work of death went on.

At length, as a young and handsome man was led forward, and the ruthless hands of the executioners commenced to make his "toilette of death," a young woman rushed forward with an agonized scream and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Connor, Connor, husband machree!" she sobbed.

"Noreen, my poor Noreen," said the doomed man, kissing her affectionately; "Blessed Mother, protect my poor little wife!"

"Ho, ho!" ejaculated Swanley, "an Irishwoman on board! Overboard with her also, my men; we'll have no such baggage aboard our ship."

"No, no, captain, for heaven's sake!" pleaded the husband.

"Pooh, man, your wench shall bear you company to Davy Jones' locker. Give her a pair of hempen bracelets, my boys."

The dastard had scarcely spoken the words when one of his vile myrmidons siezed the girl, and tore her cloak from her shoulders. Her husband's cheeks glowed, and his eyes blazed with wrath, but he was unable to move hand or foot to save her.

But the sight of a helpless female in merciless hands of the cutthroats made Edmund O'Tracy's blood boil with indignation. Forgetting his own peril, he bounded forward, snatched the girl from the grasp of the wretch that held her, and with one dexterous shove sent the latter over the side into the sea, into which the weight of his heavy iron corselet and arms made him sink like lead.

In an instant our hero was seized by half a dozen of the pirates, and he had the mortification of seeing the poor weak female he had endeavored to save, hurled with bound hands into the seething water. Her pitiful screams resounded loudly during the short time she was buoyed up by her clothes, and then ceased altogether as she sank into a watery grave.

"Well, Captain So-and-so, must you turn champion on our hands," said the cold hearted Puritan, addressing Edmund with a sardonic smile;—"but, I say, ere we go further, who the devil are you, anyhow? What is this fellow's name, captain?" said he to Willoughby.

"The gentleman's name is—O'Tracy," responded the latter hesitatingly.

"An Irishman, by Neptune! They have all either a Mac or an O tacked to their names. Well, there's nothing for it but to quench his burning indignation in the water. So, my lads, prepare Mr. O'Tracy for the water."

"O'Tracy!" echoed a loud, hoarse voice;—"by-the-by, let us have a look at him"—and a low-built, broad-shouldered man, with a dark and repulsive visage, shoved his way through the crowd of pirates.

Edmund turned, and great and sudden was his start of surprise when his gaze fell on the countenance of his fierce, bitter, and determined enemy, Gilbert Harrison!

"'Tis he!—by the sword and the Bible, 'tis he himself!"

And, oh! what a hideous grin of malicious triumph the man's features wore as he leered in the face of him whom he hated so bitterly!

"Villain!" exclaimed O'Tracy, "what have you done with Kathleen Ny-Cuirnin? Where is she? what has become of her?"

"That, O'Tracy, you shall never know unless you may learn it in the next world, whither you are now going. But if it will tantalize your last moment, know this much—that your once leman has been long, and mayhap is still, the very affectionate mistress of your obedient servant."

And Harrison lifted his slouched hat and bowed with mock respect.

"I think, Captain Swanley," said he, turning to that wretch, "I can enlighten you as to our friend here. He is a mere Irishman and a papist, and to boot a rebel in the horde of Owen MacAart, or Owen Roe O'Neill."

"Hum, I guessed as much," said the pirate commander. "Nice company for king's officers, ha, ha!" and he cast a malicious glance at Capt. Willoughby. "Well, prepare to leave us his habiliments as the price of his easy passage to the other world;—verily, he'll require little clothing among the whales and sunfishes."

But just as the pirates had seized once more on Edmund, an event occurred which caused not a little commotion on deck. A captive of herculean frame burst asunder the cords which bound his hands, and, snatching up a capstan bar which lay ready to his hand, dashed fiercely through the pirate throng. Two tremendous strokes of the bar, dealt left and right, broke in the skulls of two of the ruffian crew who attempted to seize him, and then he made for the cabin. Two more strokes of the bar broke in the panels and smashed the lock of the door; but just as the man was about to effect an entrance into the apartment, where he meant, perhaps, to keep his foes at bay, the report of Swanley's pistol rang out, and, leaping wildly into the air, the desperate fugitive from death fell a corpse across the cabin entrance.

A female shriek resounded from the cabin, the broken door opened, and the lithe form of a girl appeared in the doorway. One moment she stood gazing on the dread scene before her, then, with a second shriek of alarm, she came bounding along the deck.

And Edmund O'Tracy, with a thrill of unspeakable astonishment and emotion, saw gazing into his own a pair of dark, lustrous, and loving eyes that had haunted him for many a night in his dreams, and felt himself clasped in the arms of his own Wild Rose of Lough Gill!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

THE ANCIENT ORDER IN OHIO.

[*To the Editor.*]

SPRINGFIELD, O., July 5.—As the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians through the country will be pleased to hear how well the Order is doing in Springfield, O., the writer asks a little space for the following account of a picnic given by the Order in this place on the Fourth of July, a day that every Irish-American loves. Never in the history of this city was there a more patriotic body of men seen on the streets of Springfield than that composed of the six divisions of the A. O. H. of Clarke county, numbering 455 men, each man dressed uniformly and carrying a white cane in military fashion. At 9:30 o'clock in the morning the divisions and their officers met in front of St. Raphael's school, which was decorated with the stars and stripes, as was also the priest's residence, and many smaller flags were floating from the new church, which is not more than half finished. The procession was formed and moved off with an escort of honor, consisting of two platoons of police, under command of Chief McKenna, followed by Divisions No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, then came carriages containing the clergy and the State and County officers. Then came the vehicles carrying the division officers. The A. O. H. of Clark county may feel proud of their Grand Marshal, Bernard Higgins, and his aides, John Coleman, Ed Jones and Alex O'Brien. Notwithstanding the line of march was a long one, they were not long on the ground when many were seen in small clothes and low shoes ready for the football contest between the Caledonian and Gaelic Athletic Association. Next came the tug-of-war between the above clubs. There was horse-racing, pacing and trotting, hurling, wheelbarrow races, fat men's race and a hurdle race. The best thing of all was that there was not the sign of liquor on anyone present the whole day. Great credit is due D. J. O'Connor, County Delegate, for the excellence of the arrangements. P. F.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL. A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood an mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

VISITORS to the famous watering place, Kilkee, county Clare, Ireland, will find the best accommodations at Mrs. Kelly's, 1 and 2 Billow View.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tadhg O'Cathain agus an Corpan.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Dhearc sé orra aris agus thug sé faoi deara go raibh bunáit fiche fear beag ann, agus ni raibh fear air bith aca do b'áirde ná tri troighe no tri troighe go leith. Bhi cuid aca liath agus d'fheuch siad an-t-sean. Dhearc sé aris, acht mior aithnigh sé go ceart cad é an rud trom do bhi siad ag iomchar, no go dtáinig siad suas leis agus sheas siad uile 'nna thimchioll. Chaith siad an rud trom air an mbóthar agus chonnairc sé air an mball gur corp marbh é.

D'éirigh sé chomh fuar leis an Eug, agus nior rith an fhuil ann a chuisleannaibh nuair tháinig scan-fhirin beag liath suas chuige, agus dubhairt leis, "A Thaidhg ui Chatháin, nach ághamhuil do casadh orrainn thú?"

Nior fheud Tadhg beoht focal air bith do thabhairt amach: ni fheudfadh sé a bheul d'fhosgailt dá bh'fhághadh sé an domhan, agus nior fhreagair sé focal.

"A Thaidhg ui Chatháin," ar san firin beag liath aris, "nach tráthamhuil é do casadh orrainn thu?"

Nior fheud Tadhg aon fhreagairt thabhairt dó.

"A Thaidh ui Chatháin," ar sé, an triomhadh uair, "nach ághamhuil é, agus nach tráthamhuil é do casadh orrainn thu?"

Acht d'fhan Tadhg beoht 'nna thost, mar bhí faitchíos air freagairt do thabhrirt dóibh, agus bhi a theanga amhail a's bheidheadh sí ceangailte le carbad a bheil.

Thionntaigh an firin beag liath dá chompánaighibh agus bhi luthghair ann a shúilibh beaga geala, agus "Nois!" a dubhairt sé, "ní'l focal ag Tadhg O Cathain: tig linn deunamh leis mar is maith linn. A Thaidhg, a Taidhg," ar sé, "tá tú ag cathadh droch-bheatha agus tig linne sglábhuidh dheunamh diot anois, agus ni thig leat-sa cur 'nnar n-aghaidh: ni'l aon mhaith dhuit ann. Tá cúmhacht againn ort. Tóg an corgán sin."

Bhi Tadhg chomh sgannruighthe sin gur b'air éigin leig sé an dá fhocal so as a bheul, "ni thógfad," ar sé, mar dá mhéad a sgannradh, bhi a chroidhe i g-cómhnuidhe roighin agus dolábtha.

"Ni thógfaidh Tadhg O'Cathain an corpán," ar san firin beag le gaire milliteach mar thorann glaic cipin tirm agus iad dá mbriseadh agus le glór beag garbh mar bualadh chluige do bhi sgoilte. "Cuirigidh (cuiridh) d'fhiachaibh air a thógbháil." Agus sul do bhi an focal as a bheul chruinnigh siad uile timchioll Taidhg bhoicht, agus iad uile ag caint agus ag gáire trid a chéile. Rinne Tadhg feuchaint le rith uatha, acht leanadar é agus shin fear aca a chos amach eidir a dhá lorgain agus leagadh sios é air an mbóthar, ann a phraiseach. Sul d'fheud sé éirighe aris, rug na sidheóga air, cuid aca air a lámhaibh agus cuid eile air a chosaibh agus chongbhaigh siad go dainghean é, i riocht nár fheud sé corrughadh, agus a eudan leis an talamh.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

THE GAELIC CLASS.

[*To the Editor.*]

On looking over some of the Irish songs published in THE CITIZEN, I met an interesting letter by Father Keegan of St. Louis, one of the most eminent Gaelic scholars in America, which I consider well worth a second publication, as a sequel to the magnificent article now appearing in your paper copied from the *Austral Light* of Melbourne, Australia. Now, as Celtic songs are being sung in French, Welsh and Scotch, it seems to me that there should be enough patriotism among the Irish to give the assembled universe at the great Columbian Exposition at the Irish Villages, specimens from Carolan, Mangan, Owen Ruadh, Carroll O'Daly, Eoghan O'Rahilly, John O'Toumy and others in the native tongue of those famous bards. To do this successfully we must have lady singers; therefore a cordial invitation is hereby extended to one hundred young ladies to participate in the coming festival.

Our class room at the city clerk's office, first floor of City Hall, is open every Sunday afternoon from 2 to 5 o'clock; and all ladies or gentlemen whose patriotism may prompt them to learn the songs of Ireland and sing them in the melodious language of their ancestors, are heartily invited. We hope to have 200 lady volunteers next Sunday in response to this invitation.

The class has had several additional members since my last report, among them Counsellors Houlihan and O'Hara of Twenty-fifth street and Prairie avenue, a lineal descendant of Kian O Hara, celebrated by Carolan, the last of the Irish bards and harpers. Indeed the class grows apace and flourishes—to use an Irish expression, "like a green bay horse." MAURICE CREAN, Sec'y.

The letter of Father Keegan referred to in the above will be republished next week in THE CITIZEN.

Wave Tossed,

Sea sick voyagers suffer unspeakable tortures. Then if Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is resorted to the tortures cease, Yachting parties, ocean fishermen, nervous, sickly people, whom the jarring of a railway train affects much in the same way as the tossing of the surges do one who crosses the Atlantic for the first time, should be mindful of this and be provided with an adequate supply of the Bitters. This incomparable stomachic will promptly settle a stomach outrageously disturbed, is a capital antidote to malaria and nervous complaints, remedies constipation and biliousness, and counteracts a tendency to rheumatism. Besides this, it compensates for a loss of energy consequent upon undue exertion or nervous anxiety, and averts the effects of exposure in inclement weather and the wearing of damp clothing. Both appetite and sleep are promoted by it, and general health rapidly improves through its use.

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $50!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $50.

THE LYRIC POET'S APOLOGY.

I strive to probe to other hearts and find
I do but fret the phantom of mine own;
I strain to paint great nature, and my mind
But images itself in every zone.
The lesson learned, I sing life's woven lay
In syllables of self and can no other way.
—Richard Burton in Harper's Weekly.

A Puzzled Mother.

"It takes a 14-year-old boy to see through his mother," laughed such a mother the other day. "Last week I planned to take a friend to the theater, and her only free night was Thursday. Now, I often take my boy to see a play, but I make it a rule it shall not be on a night preceding a school day. So on this occasion I explained to my son that he could not go, and as an offset to his disappointment arranged an outing for the Saturday following. He acquiesced most dutifully and beautifully, and the matter rested. Thursday came, and as the afternoon waned, I found that my son was to be all alone part of the evening, and I began to wish that he was going with us. At last I made up my mind, and calling him said:

"'I think, after all, you may go tonight. You are going to be alone, and I know you always count upon these trips to the theater. So if you'll study hard till dinner you shall be of the party.'

"'That's all right, mother,' replied the young scamp with a laugh. 'I knew you'd weaken at the last, so I've managed my lessons, and I'm all ready.' And now I'm alternately deploring my want of strength and wondering how to preserve a semblance of authority with so shrewd a son."—New York Times.

The Strain on the Eye.

There is no reason why a muscle or muscles of the eye should not fag out just as the muscles elsewhere do. Let one bear a weight all day long, does he not attribute his consequent headache to the heavy burden he has borne? It seems without elaborate thinking we could conceive of the results following upon prolonged use of the eye. Nature has done all she could to protect and prolong the usefulness of the eye.

No earthly architect ever yet planned a structure that would not yield, crumble and fall, and the house human, so exquisitely uplifted in curious and mysterious ways, falls and returns to dust more rapidly and surely than need be, for the reason that we do not realize how much one part is sustained or overthrown by another. One tiny muscle is potent enough to disturb the whole economy, especially if intercurrent diseases exist in addition to "eye strain."—Philadelphia Record.

The Vibration of Steamers.

The discomfort of the excessive vibration on board the fast sailing ocean steamers has increased so much with the increase in the speed of travel that investigations have been made into the subject with a view of modifying the inconvenience caused to passengers. The usual idea is that this vibration is due to the action of the powerful engines. This is apparently erroneous, for it is now found that the cause consists solely in the unison between the number of revolutions of the engines and the number of vibrations of the ship. The smaller the length of the ship the greater is the number per unit of its vibrations, and the longer the steamer the greater is the corresponding time of its vibrations.—New York Telegram.

Ambiguous.

"I congratulate you, Mrs. Familias, on your husband's safe return."

"Thank you, Mr. Cardiac. It's no joke to have the man of one's family on a steamer a week overdue in December."

"I had made up my mind that if he went down I would write you a letter of condolence."

"That was kind of you. What were you going to tell me, Mr. Cardiac?"

"Well, I wanted to express my appreciation of him, and lots of sympathy and encouragement for you, and I had about made up my mind just to say, 'There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught,' and let you take it either way."—Life.

An English Tribute to Emerson.

When the celebrated Arthur Stanley, dean of Westminster, had finished his visit here in the year 1878, he was asked about the American pulpit. He said in reply that he had of course availed himself of every opportunity to hear the American preachers. He had heard preachers of eminence, he said, in almost every communion. "But it mattered not what was the name of the communion, the preacher," he said, "was always Waldo Emerson."—Edward E. Hale's Address.

Doubly Insulted.

Bibelot—Tiens, canaille! What do you mean by writing to my wife and calling her your "belle Marie?"

Pipelot—Mille pardons, m'sieur. I—I thought the lady was your daughter.

Bibelot—Sacre' bleu! Worse still.—Vogue.

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.—Hugh White.

The first military order issued by General Grant, dated July 2, 1861, and appointing Colonel E. T. Dawson quartermaster of the Twenty-first Illinois, is in possession of Colonel Dawson, who is said to have refused $3,000 for it.

The last words of John Locke were, "I have lived long enough, and I am thankful I have enjoyed a happy life; but after all look on this life as nothing better than vanity."

The largest private collection of minerals in America is supposed to be that of Clarence L. Bement of Philadelphia. Its estimated value is $125,000.

Duval, the Paris anarchist, said he should like to shake somebody's hand before he died, and that was all, but his sentence was commuted.

She Fed the Dog.

An awfully swagger girl came into an up town drug store the other day. She led a tiny pug by a slender silver chain. Her hat was all a-bloom with purple flowers, and an Alsatian bow of purple ribbon was tied about puggie's neck so big as to give the impression that there was more bow than dog.

Milady seated herself on a stool in front of the soda fountain and tenderly lifted his small canineship to another seat beside her. The order was given for chocolate ice cream soda. When it was served, this rather remarkable young woman conveyed a teaspoonful of the cream first to her own lips and then to puggie's. This process was repeated until not a drop was left.

It developed during this interesting episode that the dog's name was Nig, and to see Nig blink his eyes and lick his small chops was very funny indeed.

"Ugh!" exclaimed a matter of fact woman looking on. "How that girl can put that spoon back in her mouth after that dog has licked it passes my comprehension. I think it is perfectly disgusting."

But Nig only blinked the more knowingly, doubtless thanking the good Lord that all women were not made alike.—Chicago News.

Charmed by a Snake.

As I was several miles out in the country, riding horseback from Pomona to Etiwanda, I saw a jack rabbit standing still only a few feet from the road. I drove up close to the animal, which still refused to scamper away. On the contrary, the rabbit stood or sat transfixed to the spot, though making a constant nervous, shuddering motion, as if anxious to get away, but at the same time being held to the spot. I was surprised that the rabbit did not flee at the approach of myself and horse, and when I looked a little sharper I saw a large rattlesnake coiled up under some bushes, his head uplifted, about six feet from the rabbit.

I shall never forget the scene. The rabbit was looking with indescribable eagerness straight at the slowly approaching snake and heeded nothing else. I dismounted, and seizing a long stick by force pushed the rabbit away, when the snake instantly swelled with rage and sounded its rattles. I wounded the snake and then dispatched it. The rabbit for a second or two seemed benumbed and was hardly capable of motion. That was over quickly, and the animal hopped away.—Pomona Progress.

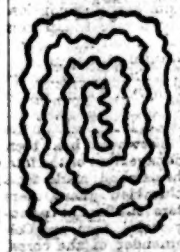
Chinese Temples In America.

The census bureau has issued a bulletin which shows that there are 47 Chinese temples in the United States, valued at $93,000, claiming 100,000 worshippers. Forty of these temples are in California, 4 in New York, 2 in Idaho and 1 in Oregon.

Sympathetic Inks.

Rabelais compiled a curious list of inks of a sympathetic nature, which were largely in vogue in his days. In his book entitled "Pantagruel," he makes his readers acquainted with Panurgue's exploits in trying to decipher the invisible characters of a letter which a Parisian female had written to Pantagruel. "He held it up before the fire," says Rabelais, "to see if it was written with spirits of ammonia mixed with water. Then he placed it in water to discover if the writing had not been done with sirup of tithymal. When this would not work, he held it over a candle, which would have brought out the characters had they been written with the juice of white onions. By rubbing a part of it with nut oil he tried to find whether it had not been written with the sap of a fig tree. And if frog's blood had been used in the place of ink the milk from the breast of a woman suckling her firstborn daughter would have betrayed the secrets of that letter."

While at Rabelais' time during the seventeenth century French people adhered strongly to the belief that sympathetic inks of this character could be and were used, they are now in high feather over the discovery of a luminous ink by one of their countrymen. This ink makes it possible for letters to be read in the dark One of the French journals recently gave the recipe for this ink. A phosphorescent compound can be obtained by calcinating carbonate of chalk with sulphur.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



IRREGULARITY.

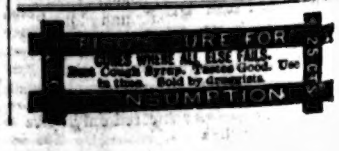
Is that what troubles you? Then it's easily and promptly remedied by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate the system perfectly. Take one for a gentle laxative, or corrective; three for a cathartic.

If you suffer from Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, or any derangement of the liver, stomach, or bowels, try these little Pellets. They bring a *permanent* cure. Instead of shocking and weakening the system with violence, like the ordinary pills, they act in a perfectly easy and natural way. They're the smallest, the easiest to take—and the *cheapest*, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the *good* you get.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—*I say, Yes*; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. B. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.



DEATH'S EXHIBIT.

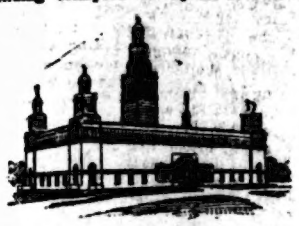
An Awful Visitation at the Great Exposition.

TWENTY MEN MEET DOOM BY FIRE

One Hundred Yards in the Air and the Horrible Destroyer Above and Below Them.

The Cold Storage Warehouse a Pile of Ashes, Mixed With Which Are the Remains of the Victims—A Few Horribly Burned Bodies Recovered—Deeds of Heroism and Scenes to Make the Heart Sick—Firemen and Columbian Guards Make Up the Roll of Casualties—Their Names and Fate—Incidents of the Catastrophe.

WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS, CHICAGO, July 11.—A flimsy constructed building, erected by the Hercules Iron company, of Chicago, used as a cold storage warehouse and ice-skating rink, and situated near the Sixty-fourth street entrance to the exposition grounds, burned to the ground in a little over an hour yesterday afternoon, sending to death as far as it is known at this writing at least twenty men and injuring twenty-seven others. The full extent of the death wrought may never be known, as the building collapsed totally in so short a



THE BUILDING THAT ROASTED THE MEN.

time after the fire started that many people who entered the building hoping to render aid—before the peril under which they were placing themselves was realized—were caught like rats in a trap and went unannounced to their doom. It is said that six Columbian guards are missing, but there are many vacancies in the different companies scattered about the grounds, and the captains, while refusing to commit themselves, fear that their men have been cremated.

Dead, Missing and Fatally Hurt.

The following is a list of those who met death, the missing and the injured: Dead—Captain James Fitzpatrick, acting chief Columbian fire department; John McBride, driver, company No. 8; William Denning, truckman, Company No. 8; Lieutenant Moulter, truck 18; unknown American, initials on belt "H. W." or "M. H."

Missing—Captain Garvey, fire company No. 1; Captain Page, fire company No. 3; Lieutenant Purvis, fire company No. 4; Phil Breen, pipeman company No. 8; Lieutenant Freeman, company No. 1; John Smith, pipeman company No. 2; Paul Schroeder, truckman company No. 8; John Cahill, truckman company No. 8; Sergeant Donaldson, Columbian guard; four other Columbian guards; H. Strand, company No. 4 Columbian guards; Henry Geduldig, foreman of painters in cold storage building.

Fatally injured—W. O. Mahoney, ladderman, Company No. 1; internally and legs and feet fractured.

The Roll of Injured.

Injured—Captain William Barry, fire company No. 8; right hand amputated; Frank Bielemberg, fireman, hands badly burned; Sig Nordrum, fireman, leg burned and body bruised; Lewis Frank, fireman, burned about the face and body; M. Murray, guard, asphyxiated, but recovering; John Davis, guard, hands burned; W. C. Fisher, face and head burned. William Lynch, scalp wounds; T. J. Donahon, hands burned; G. S. Haman, badly scalded and hands crushed; G. B. French, right leg injured; Fred Goetz, right hip injured; Frank Faulkner, fireman, sprained ankles; Captain Kennedy, Company No. 5, hands and face burned; four other firemen, hands badly burned, treated at Emergency hospital and taken away by their friends before their names were ascertained; Mrs. B. D. Moore, burned face and hands; H. Breckenridge, Columbian guard, blistered both hands; James Kenyon, marshal Twelfth battalion, left leg cut; Martin Kimball, Columbian guard, both hands burned and left leg sprained; William Lenehan, driver of engine No. 2, split scalp; Edward Murray, Columbian guard, asphyxiated, recovered; George Paris, fireman engine company 6, hands and arms blistered.

Cause of the Terrible Disaster.

The cause of this frightful loss of life was the iron funnel that went from top to bottom of the great tower. There is another cause. For weeks the cry in the city papers and elsewhere has been "economy" in the management of the fair. Particularly was the demand made for a reduction of the Columbian guard, there being in some quarters the fiercest denunciation of those very useful men, and Colonel Rice, the commander of the corps, has come for a good share thereof. The colonel would say but little when questioned as to the cause of the catastrophe.

What "Economy" Is Responsible For.

This is what he said: "This is the result of the reduction in the force of guards by the administration. If the two guards who were taken from the warehouse last week had been there they could have extinguished the fire with the chemicals at hand as they had done before in the same place. The guards were there to take precautions against fire because of the dangerous construction of the building." It is a fact that the tower was on fire twice before and the fire was extinguished as the colonel states.

DEATH DID ITS WORK SWIFTLY.

Beginning of the Blaze Which Wrought Such a Horror.

Death has never done such swift and ghastly work at a fire in Chicago since the dark days of October, 1871. The horror of the spectacle will forever remain as a hideous nightmare in the minds of many thousands men and women who gazed upon it. It was intensified by the dizzy height from which the victims were seen to fall into a vast furnace of blazing timber and other inflammable material. Deeds of heroism were done by the firemen, who perished and those who live to grieve over their lost comrades. The Columbian guardsmen were not lacking in bravery and devotion to duty in the hour of danger, and in the face of death. There is mourning within the White City, for the blackened remnants of human beings full of life and hope yesterday are lying beneath the water-soaked wreck or stretched out in the morgue outside the gates.

Just a Little Tongue of Flame.

The sun was shining its brightest from a blue sky at 1:30 o'clock p. m. and the pleasure-seeking people were passing under the shadow of the cold storage warehouse. Suddenly a boy, William Sheppard, son of the guide book publisher, saw a tongue of flame escaping from the cupola of observatory tower which forms the topmost section of the warehouse. From the ground to that first flame there were 380 feet of space. The boy gave the alarm and in a few minutes the men from the fire stations at the Casino and the Terminal station came dashing along with hose cart, engine and hook and ladder. The altitude of the blazing observation tower and its isolation from the great main roof made the work of the firemen hazardous and slow from the outset.

Went Up to Their Awful Fate.

Before the firemen got to work several painters, electric light men and others employed in the building ascended by the elevators to the main roof and afterwards climbed up the spiral staircase, which was built around the deathtrap of a smoke funnel, until they reached the balcony underneath the cupola. They found that the flames had gone too far to be smothered by the chemicals at hand, and waited for the firemen to join them, thinking they could be of assistance. Captain Harkness, of the guards, ordered Sergeant Douglas to take eight men up to the blazing tower and aid the firemen. The sergeant and his eight men went and by a strange chance all are alive to tell the tale and mourn the loss of brave comrades.

Seemed To Be No Danger.

Not so with the firemen. They went out on the roof and hauled up the hose with ropes to the first story of the towers on the east and south sides of the warehouse. Others rushed up the spiral stairway of the main tower to the landing next the blazing top, and lowered ropes on three sides for the men below to attach the hose to. Until this time the fire resembled the flaming mouth of a small blast furnace and at a distance there seemed to be no danger menacing that men at work hundreds of feet in the air. The experienced eye of Chief Murphy, in command of the World's fair fire department, failed to suspect any risk to his men when he ordered them to go up to the tower below the blaze. But he sent nearly all of them to a death, the horror and agony of which no human tongue or pen can describe.

Flames Above and Below.

Those few moments of realization that flames surrounded them above and below, followed by their last act in life, must have been an eternity of hell to every soul. A sixteen-foot ladder was placed from the first section of the tower to a landing on which the men were, but no one thought of running a big ladder from the main roof to the tower so as to connect with the small ladder. Without a thought of the fate that was soon to overtake them the thirty odd men outside the tower were at work on the east and south sides. All this time the flames were burning through the larger portion of the tower beneath them.

IT WAS FATAL HESITATION.

A Painter Shows the Way to Safety Down the Hose.

The first intimation of danger came to the victims when the smoke appeared under them, and as the wind blew it into their faces they retreated in an orderly body around the landing to the north side of the tower, with the exception of one man, a painter, who slid down the hose which had been brought up to the south side of the tower. It may be that more would have taken this apparently sure and safe means of escape had it not been for the smoke which seemed to envelope them. It seemed as if the victims changed position because they feared flames would soon follow the smoke which they saw. Death quickly came to put an end to suspense and agony.

The flames had been devouring the five feet of frame work (below the men) which surrounded the iron funnel that pierced the tower. Quick as a flash flames burst through the square tower just underneath the imprisoned men, on all sides. In a few seconds the imprisoned ones felt the scorching fire coming and with one impulse of self-preservation the men moved quickly to where the ropes were attached at the northwest corner. They could not look down and see the flames because of the projecting cornices, but they knew where the ropes were. There they stood huddled together, some without their coats, others hatless, and all preparing to save themselves if they could.

The man nearest the rope grasped it and descended; but for only a dozen feet. The flames had no mercy; the rope was burned in two, and with feet downward the first victim shot through the air to the main roof. He turned partly over before he struck. A great cry of anguish and fear came up from thousands on the ground and at other points where the first of these awful leaps and falls could be seen. Strong men wept and became hysterical. They cried aloud for God to save those poor souls penned between the flames. They got on their knees and prayed to God that all might might not perish. Women could be seen everywhere fainting and wringing their hands, hiding or turning away their faces and crying hysterically at the sickening scene.

But worse was to follow. No sooner had one man struck the roof than another leaped from the tower before the horrified gaze of the spectators. His body kept straight feet down until near the roof, when he turned a somersault and a second cry of horror came from thousands of throats. The two ropes on the north side of the tower where the doomed men were huddled at the edge, were useless for the saving of life, yet for the first possession of the corner one at least ten fought. One by one they dropped from the tower, some clinging to the burning rope as far as it afforded them any hold and then shooting through a solid sheet of flame to the roof.

The last man on that tower died the hero's death among all those heroes who faced the furnace below them. He had waited without apparent fear until there was only himself left, like Casabianca, who stood on the burning deck. He was a fireman and he grasped the remnant of burning rope just as the whole tower structure parted diagonally and fell towards the north, right over the prostrate bodies of the poor fellows who had leaped to the roof to essape the pitiless flames. The last man who went down to death with the tower kept feet down as far as the rope went and then the rush of the flames and air was so great that his body was turned round and round in the passage within sight of all and the blazing tower fell over his form making a funeral pyre and ending his agony if he was not dead before striking the roof.

SAD MEETING OF SURVIVORS.

Half of One Fire Company Dead or Wounded—A Desperate Fight.

At the fire station between Machinery hall and the terminal station the remnants of Company D. gathered to rest themselves after their terrible day's work in the lower floor of the building. The company at half past 1 numbered twelve men; just one half that number were present. Captain Thomas P. Barry was reported as being in the Emergency hospital suffering from serious internal injuries; his brave followers, "Phil" Breen, Paul Schroeder and William Denning, were dead. John Cahill was thought to be under the pile of blackened debris which occupied the space upon which but a few hours ago the handsome cold storage building was standing. John McBride, the driver of the truck, was in the hospital, but his comrades could not speak of him for his injuries were reported to be fatal.

The brave fireman had made the jump with his fellows. Both the poor fellow's legs and one arm were broken in several places and he was badly burned about the head. The men had made the terrible leap as the only possible chance of saving their lives and landed on the tar and graveled roof only to be so solidly imbedded in the sticky, yielding composition that they could not extricate themselves. Thus imprisoned on the roof they were held firmly until the huge tower crashed upon them and sent them down in the fiery furnace underneath. The survivors of the company who were lucky enough to escape with coats burned off their backs were too unsettled from the horrifying ordeal to give any further details and Captain Hyams asked that the men be allowed to rest for the rest of the evening.

While the bulk of the fire fighting forces was engaged in their hazardous work in the doomed building, a scene of great bravery was enacted on a little shed between the barn and the color departmens in the rear of the Cold Storage building, directly in the path of the hot air and dense smoke swept southward by the wind. Cptain William J. Sanderson, of the Columbian guard, assisted by ten of his company, Engine company No. 49, from the stock yards and several willing visitors had placed three leads of hose upon the shed and in the midst of a storm of fire and smoke stood their ground fighting like demons to keep the fire from the paint shop filled with inflammable paints, oils, varnishes and flimsy material used in decorations.

Had the fire reached the paint shop it would have quickly spread to the storehouse of the Wellington Catering company and from there on there would have been no balking the progress of the destructive element until it had burned its way through the train sheds and dairy barns to the south edge of the park. The men stood their ground for an hour, and after seeing their object achieved retired with blistered faces and burned clothes. The act was cheered by thousands of people.

The kodak fiend was upon the scene in the form of the man who pushed the button of a kodak while the doomed men were huddled together on the northeast corner of the blazing tower, just previous to taking their terrible leap for life, the man with the camera appeared on the platform of the elevated road. He rested his box upon the railing and after a deliberate aim photographed the men, many of whom were already hanging from the corner. He took three or four snap shots as the men were dropping and then walked away to a more advantageous place. The act was witnessed by many people, who hissed the perpetrator.

All the men of the Third infantry, U. S. A., on duty in the exposition camp, the French Marine corps, the Spanish military guard and "Buffalo Bill's" cowboys reinforced the 300 uniformed guides, the ambulance and hospital corps, which worked in order and effectively.

The fronts of all buildings in the block between Sixty-fourth and Sixty-fifth streets on Stony Island avenue were set on fire by the intense heat. The narrow street separating these buildings from the burning pile was filled with sparks and dense smoke, and great confusion reigned for some time. The loss, however, will not be over $10,000.

Before the flames were subdued a confession of judgment was entered in the superior court against the Hercules Iron works, owner of the building, for $15,489.83 in favor of Malek A. Toring and others.

HEAVY LOSS OF PROPERTY.

Hercules Company Loses Half a Million—Relief for the Bereaved.

The warehouse, engine and ice making plant, which was the property of the Hercules Iron company, of Chicago, represented an expenditure of $500,000. There were three engines which cost $90,000, each operated by three immense boilers, now exposed. The ice making machinery was turning out 100,000 tons of ice a day. In the cold storage vaults were a stock of vegetables, fruits, wines, liquors, fruit and dairy products valued at $140,000, all of which is destroyed. A large part of the wines and liquors belonging to the exhibitors in the viticultural sections and all the stored goods are believed to be insured. M. F. Ryan, the night manager of the warehouse, says there was no insurance on the building and plant.

Two hours after the fire was out $2,400 had been subscribed for the families of the dead men. Byron L. Smith, president of the Northern Trust company, headed a subscription list with $1,000 placed opposite the name of the Northern Trust company. President Higginbotham followed it with $500. Commissioners Massey and St. Clair each set down $100 opposite their names and the manager of the Philadelphia cafe subscribed a like amount. Just then two Columbian guards arrived with two cigar boxes heaped with coin and bills which when counted netted $300 more.

Boxes were placed inside of all the gates and were hardly in position before the money began to rattle into them. Nearly everybody that passed through the turnstiles dropped something in.

C. M. Ziegler, a traveling doctor, committed suicide at Wawaka, Ind. Letters in his pockets showed that domestic trouble caused him to do the deed.

Mrs. Mary E. Bartlett, of Cheyenne, Wyo., has received an appointment from the board of lady managers as one of the judges of awards in the Columbian exposition in the departments of liberal arts and education.

The 1-year-old babe of John Johnson, of Highland, Ia., fell into a tub of water and was drowned.

* * *

Scott Fox was killed in a wreck at Bagley, Mich., caused by cattle being on the track.

PENSIONS CUT OFF.

The "Trouble" Over Smith's New Rule Beginning.

ONE THOUSAND ALREADY "HELD UP"

Who Will be Required to Prove That They are Physically Unable to Perform Manual Labor, and Why—All Pensions Granted Under the Dependent Act Undergoing Examination—One Hundred Thousand to Look Over—Crop Report.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—The pension bureau has notified a great many pensioners throughout the entire country who are drawing pensions under the act of June 27, 1890, known as the dependent pension act, that payment of their pensions will be suspended for sixty days, during which time they are required to show cause why they should continue to draw pensions. The testimony necessary to prevent their being dropped from the rolls is the certificate of a reputable physician attested by two witnesses to the effect that the pensioner is precluded from active labor owing to injuries or disability not the result of his own vicious habits.

Must Stand an Examination.

In case no attention is paid to the department's notification within sixty days the pensioner will be dropped from the rolls. On the other hand, should the necessary certificate, properly drawn up and signed, be forwarded to the pension bureau, the pensioner will be requested to appear before the local board of medical examiners for examination as to his condition. This action is pursuant to the recent ruling of Secretary Smith to the effect that a pensioner under the act of June 27, 1890, drawing a pension for disability must be shown to be physically incapable of manual labor.

One Thousand Suspensions to Date.

The board of review appointed to carry into effect that decision, is now going over all of the cases under the act of June 27, 1890, probably 100,000 in number, selecting those cases which show in the record that the pensioner may not be incapacitated for manual labor. In the cases thus selected the pensioners are notified as before stated to prove their total disability to the department or cease to draw pensions. It is estimated at the pension office that so far something over 1,000 suspensions have already been made.

WASHINGTON CROP BULLETIN.

Corn in Better Condition Than Last Year and Wheat Worse.

WASHINGTON, July 11.—The July returns to the statistician of the department of agriculture make the following averages of condition: Corn, 93.2; winter wheat, 77.7; spring wheat, 74.1; oats, 88.8; rye, 85.3; barley, 88.8; potatoes, 94.8; tobacco, 93. The preliminary acreage of corn is reported as 102.3 as compared with the acreage harvested last year, being an increase of something over 2,000,000 acres. The average condition of corn is 93.2 against 81.1 last July. The averages in the principal states are: Ohio, 93; Indiana, 96; Illinois, 92; Iowa, 98; Missouri, 92; Kansas, 93; Nebraska, 94; Texas, 89; Kentucky, 90.

The condition of winter wheat is 77.7 against 74.5 last month and 80.6 in July, 1892. The principal state averages are: New York, 86; Pennsylvania, 94; Kentucky, 92; Ohio, 93; Michigan, 79; Indiana, 63; Illinois, 66; Missouri, 77; Kansas, 46; California, 80; Oregon, 96. The condition of spring wheat is 74.1 against 90.0 in July, 1892. Last month it was 86.4. State averages are: Minnesota, 77; Iowa, 95; Nebraska, 60; South Dakota, 69; North Dakota, 73, and Washington, 91. Condition of all wheat July 1, 1893, was 76.6. On June 1 it was 78.8. The condition of oats remains about the same as it stood last month, being 88.8, as against 88.9 June 1. This is the highest condition since 1889.

Can Be Seen Without a Glass.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., July 11.—Professor Swift, of the Warner Observatory, has received from Alfred Rordame, of Salt Lake City, a telegram saying: "Naked eye comet observed 10 o'clock, July 8 in Constellation lynx. No telescopic observation possible." The comet has also been observed by Professor Swift. It has a "tail" two degrees in length and rapidly increasing. It is in ascension 7 hours and 40 minutes, north 50 degrees. It has a rapid motion towards the southwest.

Orchids In Guiana.

In paddling up the smaller rivers of Guiana the visitor is struck with the beauty and variety of the orchids and other epiphytes perched on every limb and branch above his head. Coming from a temperate climate, where only mosses, lichens and perhaps a fern or two can live under such circumstances, he sees great arums with rosettes of leaves six or eight feet in diameter, crowded groups of hard leaved tillandsias, mistletoelike bunches of rhipsalis, orchids, ferns and mosses, all struggling for places where they can find room to enjoy life and propagate their species.

In the dense gloom of the forest, where the branches interlace with each other, they cannot secure enough light, but wherever the continuity is broken by river or savannah the trees on the borders are decorated with a wealth of these interesting plants. From the river nothing but a sloping bank of foliage is visible, but by paddling through the outer screen which comes down into the water, a very pretty scene is revealed overhead. Although the direct rays of the sun are shut out, there is generally sufficient light for the epiphytes, and here they give quite a festive appearance to what would otherwise be a tangle of bare limbs and branches.—Longman's Magazine.

John Lyons and Joseph Bisphop were drowned at Stoneboro, Pa., by the capsizing of their boat.

Albert Lewis was shot and killed and Charles Lewis wounded in the climax of a feud with the Yandell family at Princeton, Ky.

The election held at Bedford, Ind., to vote $56,000 subsidy to the Indianapolis, Bloomington and Bedford railroad carried by a majority of 77.

Texas fever has broken out among the cattle in Chautauqua county, Kansas, and many animals have died.

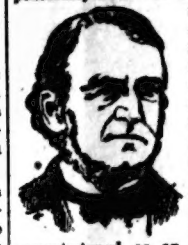
Secretary Hoke Smith is going to make a tour of all the important Indian agencies and will also visit the Yellowstone National park.

City Marshal Morrissey and two desperadoes, Bud Smith and Jim Francis, were killed and four others were wounded in a street fight July 4, at Woodbine, Ky.

SANK PEACEFULLY TO SLEEP.

Associate Justice Blatchford Dies at Newport, R. I.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 10.—Associate Justice Blatchford passed quietly and peacefully from earth at 7:20 in the evening. He retained consciousness until an hour or two before his death. There was no sudden change in his condition, simply the gradual slipping away which has been taking place for the last week. Samuel Blatchford, of New York, was



commissioned as an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States March 22, 1882, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Justice Hunt.

Samuel Blatchford was born in New York city March 9, 1820, was educated at a boarding school at Pittsfield, Mass., and at the school of William Forrest, a well-known teacher in New York, and at the grammar school of Columbia college. He entered Columbia college at the age of 13 and was graduated in 1837 at the age of 17. He then became private secretary to William H. Seward, who had been elected governor of New York, and held the position until his resignation in 1841, when he was appointed military secretary on the staff of the governor. In the following year he was admitted to the bar and practiced law in New York with his father and his uncle, E. H. Blatchford, until November, 1845, when he removed to Auburn and became the law partner of Governor Seward and Christopher Morgan.

In 1854, removing to the city of New York, he formed a copartnership in connection with Clarence A. Seward and Burr W. Griswold, under the firm name of Blatchford, Seward & Griswold. May 3, 1867, he was appointed district judge of the United States for the southern district of New York, in the place of Samuel R. Betts, who had resigned. March 4 following he was appointed circuit judge of the second judicial circuit in the place of Alexander S. Johnson, deceased. In 1867 the degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by Columbia college and he was chosen trustee, which position he held at the time of his death. In 1882 he commenced the publication of his series of reports of the circuit courts of the United States within the second circuit, and published twenty-four volumes.

DISASTER ON THE LAKE.

Four People Out of a Party of Nine Drowned.

CHICAGO, July 10.—Many lives were lost on Lake Michigan during a blow. With but little warning a severe storm swept out of the northwest about 5 o'clock and churned Lake Michigan into a foaming caldron. Over two dozen yachts were caught out on the lake, and one was overturned, drowning four of its nine occupants. Another yacht, the Seashell, did not arrive up to a late hour, and her owner said that he thought she had gone to the bottom without doubt. The little lateen-rigged boat, Chesapeake, was caught by the blow two miles out in the lake north of the waterworks crib. On board was a party of seven men and two women. They had warning of the gale, but as they did not have time to run for shelter they furled their sails and prepared to weather the blow. Suddenly the ropes holding the sails became unfastened and the sails spread out to the wind. The little craft gave a lurch and rolled over, throwing her occupants into the water. Five of them managed to get hold of their boat, which was turned bottom side up, and clung to the center board and wreckage until they were taken off by the tug Tarrant of the Dunham line.

The Drowned.

Four were imprisoned by the capsized boat and were drowned. They were: Henry Marlowe, residence on Superior street; Themistocles Theambelus, of Athens, Greece; William Cornish, 829 Chicago avenue; Miss Ethel H. Chase, Boston, Mass. The five persons who were taken off the boat were: Fred Avery, 333 Chicago avenue; Will Avery, 333 Chicago avenue; William Elliott, employed by Montgomery Ward & Co.; George Grey, advertising agent for the Chicago Tribune; Miss Edith Brompton, 401 Huron street.

BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

One Convict Killed and Another Badly Wounded at Ionia, Mich.

IONIA, July 10.—An organized attempt was made by the furniture crew at the state house of correction to escape as a result of which one prisoner named Oscar Miller, sent from Detroit, lies dead and William Eager from Grand Rapids, is mortally wounded. Eagar was also badly clubbed, as was C. E. Jones. The following account was given out by Warden Parsell:

"We were repairing a conductor on the furniture shop near the west wall. Two men were working with ladders. I stationed Superintendent Gurley at the wall near where the ladders were standing to watch for any breaks. At 8:30 five of the inmates, headed by William Smith, a 15-year man from Detroit, made a rush for the ladders. Gurley fired at them several times, but missed. The firing alarmed the whole guard and Deputy Rowley and myself ran in opposite directions around the building. We cleared the ladder two or three times with our clubs and by this time the yard was full of convicts and the guards on the wall commenced firing. Keeper Mitchell, who was on the wall directly over the men, took aim at Miller, the ball passing through his body, killing him instantly. Eagar was also shot and will die."

Roman Catholic Congress at Chicago.

NEW YORK, July 10.—Arrangements for the Roman Catholic congress to be held in Chicago in connection with the World's fair, are now practically completed. The congress will meet in the Memorial Art palace, Michigan avenue, and will hold daily sessions from September 4 to 9. A very elaborate programme has been arranged for the congress. In addition to the congress there will be held during the week the annual conventions of the Catholic Young Men's union, German Catholic Young Men's societies, Society of St. Vincent de Paul, congress of colored Catholics and the press association, and a reunion of the students of the American Lonivan college.

Shot Her Betrayer.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 10.—About mid night Nellie Horton, telegraph operator, 24 years of age, shot and killed Charles Hagan, until recently also a telegraph operator, who had betrayed her under promise of marriage.

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

Hermann, the magician, in proceedings at New York for the collection of a debt, said that he had no money and that he worked for his wife at a salary of $50 a week.

A man supposed to be Thomas Bell, a Des Moines painter, was killed by a Rock Island train near Commerce, Ia.

Jacob Weisman, who sold liquor near the Soldiers' home at Leavenworth, Kan., in defiance of an injunction, has been fined $100 and sentenced to thirty days in jail.

Twenty four boys employed by the Sanford Spinning company struck because of a reduction of wages from $7.20 to $6.80 per week, and because they were not given tickets for the circus.

Ex-Judge F. B. Tiffany and C. J. Alton, president and cashier of the failed state bank of Ainsworth, Neb., have been arrested. The former is charged with receiving deposits when the bank was insolvent and the latter with falsifying the record.

Orville Taulk and his horse were killed by lightning at Bement, Ills.

* * *

Alfred Mace, a son of Jem Mace, the once-famous pugilist, is an evangelist. He has been preaching for twenty years.

Albert Carpenter, a railroad man of La Crosse, Wis., slipped and fell through a glass door, severing his jugular vein and dying almost instantly.

Butler Black, a negro, committed suicide at Chasleston, S. C. G. W. Perris tried to kill himself in the same city by jumping from a bridge, but was rescued.

Patriotic exercises were held in front of Independance hall, Philadelphia, and there were other exercises and flag raisings in various parts of the city.

At Little Falls, Minn., Fred Denny, his wife and two children were drowned while crossing the river in a faulty boat.

Representative Jason Brown of Indiana, thinks the Sherman law will be repealed, but he is not in favor of substituting instead the state bank system.

The Iowa Columbian commission have issued a welcome souvenir of the dedication ceremonies of the Iowa State building, held Oct. 22, 1892.

* * *

Willie Clinton, aged 5, was fatally hurt at Bloomington, Ill., by falling under a mowing machine.

The interior department has ordered a stay in the sentence of the seven Choctaws at Wilberton until an investigation can be made.

A 10-year-old child of City Clerk McDonald, of Brazil, Ind., drank a teacup full of coal oil and is lying in a precarious condition.

A violent storm passed over Philadelphia creating consternation among the participants in a regatta on the Schuylkill river. The hail did considerable damage.

John Wagner, yard foreman of the Phœnix Iron works at Meadville, Pa., was reduced to pulp by being caught in the shafting of the rapidly revolving machinery.

Emma Corbett is a Colorado young woman who intends to ride from Chadron, Neb., to Chicago with a view to beating the record recently made by John Berry and his broncho "Poison."

Edith Moriarity, aged 7, was killed at Beatrice, Neb., by jumping from a buggy during a runaway.

* * *

Thomas St. Clair, murderer of Kate Fitzgerald on the bark Hesker at sea last January, was sentenced at San Francisco to be hanged Oct. 6.

J. E. St. John was appointed superintendent of the Michigan Industrial School for Boys at Lansing to succeed Superintendent Wood, resigned.

Jacob Landel, an old settler of Roberts, Ills., was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of Albert Sandstedt.

The family of the late Jay Gould is about to erect at Roxbury, N. Y., a memorial church to cost $250,000. On its cornerstone will be the inscription: "To the Glory of God and in Memory of Jay Gould."

George Hartman of Wheeling, W. Va., engaged in a drunken quarrel with his brother-in-law, George Pond, and was fatally stabbed.

J. A. Cutright of Great Falls, Mont., was thrown under a mowing machine by his runaway horses and fatally injured.

* * *

J. A. Howarth, a wealthy farmer living near Fairbury, Ills., has been taken to the Kankakee asylum. A blow from a pitchfork received some time ago is supposed to have made him insane.

James Haines, of Pekin, Ills., is a candidate for appointment as state superintendent of insurance.

The Iron Mountain-Chapin mine, the largest in the Menominee iron range, has discharged several hundred men in the last two weeks and will probably be closed down entirely in a few days unless sales of ore can be made.

Grace Reynolds tried to light the chandelier in the Methodist church at Ohio Falls, Ind. It fell, knocking her senseless and igniting her dress. She screamed as she fell, which attracted aid in time to save her life.

Blood Poisoning

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible ulcers broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. Her husband spent hundreds of dollars without any benefit. She weighed but 78 pounds, and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says, "I became perfectly cured by

Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 pounds, eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address, DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JULY 15, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. F. S. Willard.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Denman Thompson.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

PLAIN TALK ABOUT IRISH INDUSTRIES.

The Countess of Aberdeen, who seems to be somewhat more Irish than British, has written an article on Irish industries in *Upward and Onward*, in which she says:

"How does it come about that these strong, bright-eyed lads and lasses are not wanted at home in a land which yearly mourns her decreasing population? Do you ask the reason why? Then travel round Ireland for yourself, go into the cottages, and talk to the gentle, courteous inmates, who give the strangers so kind a welcome. Or, if you cannot do this, go to the books which tell us of Irish peasant life; look at such pictures as Miss Jane Barlow gives us in her exquisitely pathetic 'Irish Idylls,' and the scenes revealed to us by Miss Lawless in her stories of 'Hurrish' and 'Grania' and then you will know the why and wherefore of this steady stream of Ireland's young men and maidens from the land of their birth. The poorness of the sail, the constant recurrence of bad seasons, with their accompanying starvation, and the lack of most industries save that connected with agriculture, force the children away to a country where already so many of their kith and kin have preceded them, and have shown proofs of their prosperity by the sums of money they send home for the succor of the folks left behind in the country which is never forgotten by its sons and daughters. We may rejoice over the prospects of those who have gone to these new lands so full of hope and of opportunities, but what of those who are left, and what of the country which loses the flower of children?

"Need these things be? Is there no possibility of manufactures and industries growing up in Ireland, which will employ willing and ready hands, and which will build up myriads of happy and thriving homes? Yes, there is every possibility of such a future for Ireland, when her splendid resources of water power will be utilized, when the riches of her fishing grounds will be explored and developed, when her poor, outlying districts will be opened up and brought into communication with the centres of commerce and trade, and when the quickness and expertness of her people will be made use of for their own benefit, and that of the world. But are we to remain idle in the meantime, when we have already ample proof of what may arise out of very small beginnings?"

No, Lady Aberdeen, these things need not be. Scotland has a worse climate and an infinitely poorer soil than Ireland. In fact three-fourths of the arable soil of Ireland is the best in Europe. These three-fourths are mostly monopolized by the Anglo-Irish landlords for demesnes, deer parks and grazing lands. The masses of the Irish people have been driven to the poorer lands, in the moor and mountain districts, and along the Atlantic seacoast. A thousand Lady Aberdeens or Mrs. Harts, working harmoniously, could do nothing worth speaking of for Ireland while the English parliament controls her imposts. A tax of 25 per cent ad valorem on all British goods shipped into Ireland, would give the latter country a splendid revenue, without directly taxing her people, and would promote the growth of Irish industries with miraculous rapidity. In the brief period of practical independence, from 1782 to 1800, and, thereafter, until the Irish imposts were lifted entirely from English imports, in 1820, Ireland enjoyed a period of commercial prosperity strange to her troubled annals.

Everybody who has read the history of that period knows that the union was carried as much for the purpose of crushing Irish manufactures as any other. That the plan succeeded admirably we know only too well. We are not ungrateful to high minded British women, like Lady Aberdeen and Mrs. Hart—the latter of whom was undoubtedly the pioneer of the modern effort to revive Irish industries—but we say their labors will be unavailing to stem the strong tide of depression that keeps ever setting in against Irish industrial prosperity. What then is the remedy? It is to overthrow the supremacy of the British parliament over Ireland, and to allow the latter to protect herself against Great Britain, as Canada and all the other British colonies, except India—which is also systematically robbed—are allowed to do. The answer of Lady Aberdeen and Mrs. Hart will be—It is impossible! Why impossible? Because Great Britain wills it so—that is Great Britain claims, and exercises, the right to rob Ireland under form of what the British call "law." Such a situation is really a state of war between the countries. No reasonable person can justify Great Britain, except on the ground of corporate selfishness. Ireland, under the circumstances, is morally entitled to use every available means within her reach to end the outrageous usurpation that dooms her to perpetual beggary. Weaker nations have successfully overthrown oppressors less exacting than the English. Why have not the Irish done so? Because they have been ruined and demoralized by a slavish doctrine of submission to the higher power, preached by men who disdain the palpable gifts of God in the bounty of his creation, and have fixed the eyes of the unfortunate nation on rewards in the hereafter which their oppressors who now enjoy all the good things of this life, are to share in common with themselves. God gave to the Irish race a noble heritage on the island of their birth. Several times they had an opportunity to totally overthrow the power that tore it from them by fraud and violence, and each time they failed to accomplish their duty. Why? Because, when Henry II came, they were taught to submit to the bull of an English Pope, who was then in his grave. In the days of Edward Bruce, Pope John XXII interfered against them, at the instance of his "beloved son" Edward II, of indecent memory. Then came the era of the socalled Reformation, when Protestantism, newly born, became the militant champion of English misgovernment. From that period to this, Ireland has been, for the most part, the battleground of sects—the Catholic church, at one period, supporting foreignism, and the Protestant church doing the same thing at another period—each according to its interests. Ireland is, in fact, the only country in the world that has been politically sacrificed in the name of religion—the Catholic church, as a body, represented by its prelacy, looking more, at all times, to the propagation of the papal power than to the interests of the people; and the Protestant church, almost without interruption, fighting Irish nationality in order to promote the growth of Anglican belief and interests. Is this picture overdrawn? Those who say it is should study Irish history and judge for themselves whether or not we state facts.

What would we recommend? Let all churches keep their hands out of Irish material affairs, and let all Irishmen, Protestant and Catholic, unite against British domination and confine British influence to its natural boundaries—the island of Great Britain. Until this is done, and Ireland has a tariff barrier against English commercial aggression, it is idle to talk of Irish industrial prosperity.

BRILLIANT GAELIC GAMES.

THE CITIZEN is much pleased to observe the growth of Celtic athletic games in this city, and is sorry to notice the rather thin attendance on Sunday afternoons, at the grounds of the Association, Indiana avenue and Thirty-seventh street. But the small attendance is not entirely the fault of the people. The accommodations at the grounds, up to the present, have not been of a character to invite a large attendance. The seats in position are so badly shielded from the fierce summer sun of America that those who sit in them are in imminent danger of sun stroke, not to speak of the discomfort occasioned by the intense heat, which affects even the strongest. Those seats should be lowered, or the fence behind them made higher, in order to give shade to the people who attend. Then several rows of seats ought to be placed south of those already established—on the west side of the enclosure. The improvements would not cost more than a few hundred dollars, at the utmost, and the expenditure would come back rapidly owing to largely increased attendance. THE CITIZEN throws out these hints to the managers of the Gaelic Athletic Association in the spirit of a friend. When their improvements are made, they should liberally advertise the fact, and not trust exclusively to the sporting columns of the newspapers. We have no doubt that thousands of Irish-Americans, of both sexes, would be delighted to witness the football and hurling matches, if they could do so without discomfort.

It was our pleasure and privilege to witness the games played last Sunday, and a more spirited contest than that made by the O'Mahoney and Finerty clubs in their hurling match we never beheld. Both clubs are made up of fine looking, athletic young Irishmen, lithe of body and supple of limb, and the way they can handle their "hurleys" would make Archbishop Croke—a great patron of Gaelic games—if he saw them, feel twenty years younger. Apart from the skill and agility displayed, the best thing about the match was, the manly good humor with which it was played. Although the O'Mahoneys finally worsted the Finertys by one point, the latter club may well congratulate itself on having brilliantly held its own with an organization justly famed for its prowess.

The match at football between the Davitts and O'Connells was hardly an even one. The Davitts are inured to the game, while the O'Connells, although possessing excellent material, are evidently not yet in form, although two or three of them played with a dash that drew deserved applause from the spectators. We take the liberty of further suggesting to the managers, that they should give a gala exhibition, or a series of such exhibitions, while the World's Fair is in progress.

MESSRS. FITZGERALD AND MINIHAN COMING.

The Hon. John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston, Mass., and the Hon. T. B. Minihan, of Omaha, Neb., have accepted the invitation of President Finerty and the Executive Committee of the United Irish Society of Chicago and Cook county, to deliver addresses at the Irish National Demonstration at Ogden Grove on Aug. 15 next. These two gentlemen are justly renowned as finished orators, and their acceptance will, no doubt, add greatly to the interest of the celebration.

GAVAN DUFFY ON IRISH LITERARY REVIVAL.

It seems odd that, after a lapse of nearly fifty years, the venerable Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who, with all his "constitutional" shortcomings, deserves well of Ireland and the Irish, should be again found in the very forefront of the active movement begun in the English metropolis, and seconded in the Irish chief city, for an Irish literary and historical revival. The rapier-like eloquence which distinguished Duffy in his splendid youth has not yet forsaken him, and in his address, delivered before the Irish Literary Society in London last month, we find gems of thought that recall the best days of his long career. Speaking of Irish history, Sir Charles said:

"Another use of historical study is to enable us to vindicate our race from unjust aspersions. This is no sentimental gain, but one eminently practical; Ireland and Irishmen suffer wrong from systematic misrepresentation, which only better knowledge will cure. Which of us has not heard mimics of Macaulay disparaging the Irish parliament of James II as a disgrace to civilization, or Mr. Froude's gloomy devotees lift their hands in horror at the Rising of 1641? We purpose to face these calumnies. In the first volume of our series, Thomas Davis, reprinting the principal acts of James' parliament, criticises them in careful detail, and finds them for the most mart just, moderate, and generous. Whoever takes up the story of 1641, in the same judicial spirit, cannot fail to pronounce that though in the end barbarities were committed on both sides of that struggle, according to the evil habit of the age throughout Europe, the original design of the old inhabitants to repossess themselves of lands, taken from them by fraud and violence a generation earlier, was a design which the twelve apostles might have sanctioned. I read quite recently, with a good deal of surprise, a new reproach to Irishmen, derived from the history of the last century. It was not Celts, we are told, but Normans and Saxons, who served the empire with distinction a century ago in peace and war. Marvellous fact, indeed, that the Catholic Celt did not distinguish himself as a statesman or a general when he was peremptorily shut out by law from the senate and the council of war, and that he did not make scientific and practical discoveries when he was deliberately denied education. But history will teach us that wherever there was an open door, as on the continent and in the New World beyond the Atlantic, and in later times in all the colonies of the empire, the Celt has done notable work, and never in a solitary instance been unfaithful to the trust so tardily and so reluctantly confided to him. These mordant critics would exalt the men of English descent by disparaging the men of Celtic breed, but in vain. We regard all Irishmen who love their country, whatever be their creed or pedigree, as equally near and dear to us. We rejoice in the splendid record of success in arms, arts, literature, and diplomacy which the Irish minority can exhibit; we acknowledge thankfully that whenever the ranks of native patriots became thin or broken, men of the other race leaped into their perilous places; and we cannot look on the noble edifices which adorn the Irish capital, two of them not excelled by the palace of education or the palace of commerce in any capital of Europe, without thankfully remembering how much our country owes to the cultivated genius of the minority. If the races who inhabit these islands are ever to understand and honor each other, it must be on condition of comprehending the past, not hiding it away; and history is the reservoir from which such knowledge is drawn."

Aye, there's the true doctrine. The man born on Irish soil is an Irishman, no matter from whom descended—no matter at what altar he may worship:

And tho' ten thousand altars bear
On each to heaven a different pray'r,
By light of on, or light of sun,
At Freedom's we must all be one!

But there is still another diamond thought of purest water in the veteran Duffy's valunble address—it is the declaration that neither territory nor population constitutes the strength of a nation. That springs from the spirit and the genius of its people. Says Sir Charles:

"It is too true that our population is still diminishing; generations must perhaps pass before it regains the maximum it had reached fifty years ago; but let not that disastrous fact discourage us over much. It is not by the number, but by the intrinsic value of its men and women that a country becomes powerful and memorable. The true admeasurement, as we may learn from the inspiring story of small nations, is not geometrical but metaphysical. Little Athens gave philosophy, literature, and art to mankind; little Rome imposed her will on all the peoples of the known world; in modern times little Portugal, with a population which sometimes fell short of the population of Munster, undertook great enterprises, made memoroble discoveries of new territory, and established in Asia and Africa settlements, which, after troubled centuries, still survive. The little Netherlands, with no more men than Portugal, held its own against the most powerful monarchy in Europe, and planted new Netherlands in distant countries. Florence almost alone created and fostered the Renaissance which after desolate ages

"—— blessed mankind
With arts anew, and civilized the world."

But these are the commonplaces of history, compared to the story of the single city of Italy, which, with one arm, 'held the golden East in fee,' and with the other drove back the conquering Turk, bent on the destruction of Christendom. Or, for an example, that not men but mind is the conquering force, turn to the barren mountains of Switzerland, where free institutions were first planted by a handful of husbandmen and hunters, less than occupy one Irish county, and today a federated league of two-and-twenty separate republics enjoy substantial prosperity and ideal liberty, though they muster fewer men than still occupy the two sides of the Boyne. No; trust me, you have men enough, if they be endowed with the gifts and disciplined by the culture, which make the destiny of nations."

And what a depth of humor there is in the following:

"It would be vain to deny that national quarrels are the most intractable of our troubles. The Celt is placable and generous in private transactions, but for public conflicts he has an unsleeping memory. Some of these quarrels are nearly as old as the Flood. The late Martin Haverty, who wrote a meritorious history of Ireland, was once discovered by a friend in a perturbed and angry mood, which he explained by the fact that he had been reading a record of ill-usage his ancestors sustained from the invaders. 'The slaughter of the Milesians by Strongbow?' queried his friend. 'No,' said the historian, 'I speak of the slaughter inflicted by the villainous Milesians on my ancestors the Tuatha de Danaans.' No one can tell with certainty tho date of that transaction within a thousand years, and it might perhaps be permitted to rest in peace. There is another Irish historian and poet, who represents a race to which we have not yet got reconciled. Our friend, Dr. Sigerson, is as unmitigated a Dane as the great soldier from whom his name is derived. When I was last in Dublin I proposed a final burial of national feuds, ancient and modern, and, as a last victim might be required to consecrate the transaction, I suggested that we might execute this last Dane on the field of Clontarf, where, by some unaccountable mischance, his ancestor escaped the conquering sword of Brian. The Doctor offered no objection to so reasonable a proposal, but suggested that the tramway from Nelson's Pillar to Clontarf should run quarter-hour trains on the day of execution, as he wanted to have a large audience to tell them what they certainly did not know, that there was a strong Danish contingent in Brian's Irish army, and that the Danes, so far from being exterminated at Clontarf, maintained themselves in Ireland for many generations afterwards, and still constitute a solid element in our population. Some clement person suggested that as the sons and daughters of Siger are among the most gifted patriots in the country just now, it might be discreet to forgive them offenses nearly ten centuries old. I am rejoiced to say a compromise was arrived at by which, if the learned doctor will undertake to translate some of the most characteristic of the Scandanavian sagas for the new Irish library, and make us better acquainted generally with the Norse literature, so far as it relates to Ireland, his punishment may be postponed, and perhaps altogether remitted."

THE WORLD'S FAIR TRAGEDY.

Monday's awful tragedy at the World's Fair is still the theme of all tongues; and there seems to be a disposition to criticise unfavorably the alleged excess of bravery which impelled Marshal Murphy to rush himself and his men into such a trap of death. THE CITIZEN cannot see how the Marshal could well avoid fighting the fire where he saw it. He is not a clairvoyant, and could hardly have discovered by intuition that the treacherous flames had eaten downward, concealed by the lathing and "staff," as well as upward. The terrible fate of the gallant Capt. James Fitzpatrick and his men is to be lamented, but, surely, they died in the full performance of their duty, and there is nothing to reproach them with, or their surviving comrades, either. We do not personally know Marshal Murphy, but we know him by his glorious record—a record which shows us plainly that we still live in an age of chivalry, and that heroes are ever forthcoming when occasion calls for them. And no less deserving of praise are the men who followed the Marshal to the burning roof and aided in rescuing the half inanimate body of Capt. Fitzpatrick from the flames. THE CITIZEN is proud that so many men of Irish birth and parentage distinguished themselves among the brave of all races who did good work in the cause of humanity at the World's Fair fire. It is to be devoutly hoped that faulty buildings at the Fair, if such exist, will be immediately reconstructed, and that proper means—principally in the way of far-reaching ladders—may be provided to enable fireman and others to escape a fiery death, in case duty should again place public servants, or private citizens, in a position of extreme danger.

THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

Recent promotions in the police department of this city are, Capt. John D. Shea—an excellent officer, of long experience—to be Inspector and Chief of Detectives, in full charge of the detective department; Lieut. Thomas Kane, appointed Captain in the Fifth district; Lieut. P. Powers, appointed Captain in the Sixth district; Lieut. Patrick J. Gibbons, appointed Captain in the Twelfth district. Capt. George M. Shippy has resigned and several other officers have been reduced in rank.

MR. REDMOND'S amendment to have 103 Irish members retained in the Imperial parliament, was defeated on Monday, Gladstone himself opposing Mr. Redmond's proposal. The government won by a majority so small that half a dozen more defections from the Irish ranks might have driven it from power. Only eighty Irish members will be retained under the bill.

MR. SEXTON is greatly incensed by the action of Chairman Mellor in the conflict with Blackguard Brodrick in the English house of commons on Tuesday night. Brodrick—a drunken English Tory—called the Irish members "impecunious and garrulous." This Sexton resented by saying, quite mildly, that Broderick was "impertinent." Mellor told Sexton to withdraw. The latter refused and left the house. Brodrick is a quarrelsome cur, filled with splenetic hatred of the Irish. Mellor is a typical specimen of the great British ass, and needs to be turned down. An English Radical member proposes to have his salary reduced a thousand pounds by vote of the house. This would drive Mellor from the chair, which would be a great stroke for the cause of British and Irish reform.

THE Catholic exhibit at the World's Fair was opened in due form by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan last week. A large number of clergy and an immense concourse of the laity witnessed the opening ceremonies, which were simple but highly impressive.

MR. GLADSTONE, on Wednesday, withdrew the section of clause 9 of the Home Rule bill, in which the 80 Irish members to be retained at Westminster were excluded from voting on questions affecting the government of Great Britain. The withdrawal gives them the privilege of voting on all questions, just as they do now. This was insisted upon by the Radicals, Ireland's only faithful friends in England.

GAELIC GAMES.

Sunday afternoon the scorching rays of the sun poured on the stalwart forms of sixty-eight Gaelic athletes when they began their games, but before the conclusion their enthusiasm was dampened by a blinding rainstorm. Two games were on the programme. The first was a football contest between the Davitts and the O'Dounells, and the second was a hurling game, the contestants being the Finertys and the O'Mahoneys. Both proved surprises. The football game, which was expected to be a close contest, proved to be an easy victory for the Davitts, while the hurling match was one of the best contested games of the season, although it was thought the Finerty's had no chance. The Davitt's immediately became aggressive, and invading the O'Connells' territory Mulcahy soon scored a point. From this time until the conclusion of the half hour the Davitts' forwards—Stanley, Mulcahy, Brown and Ahern—were busy scoring. The O'Connells made occasional incursions into their opponents' territory, but there the gigantic forms of Jim Wolfe and Dan Ahern loomed up and all hopes of scoring died within them. At half-time the score was 1 goal and 9 points to nothing in favor of the Davitts. On the resumption of play the O'Connells seemed to be on their mettle, and for a while it looked as if they would even matters up; but they didn't. The Davitts proceeded to double up on the score. The O'Connells expressed much dissatisfaction over a decision of the referee in which he refused to allow them a free kick for a foul committed by an opponent. At the call of time the referee announced the result to be, Davitts 2 goals, 16 points, O'Connells 2. The players were: Davitts—James Wolfe, goal; Mart Tobin, Dan Ahern, backs; John W. Wolf, W. Burke, half backs; J. F. Furlong, M. Lehane, right wing; Walter Pollard, T. Wolfe, left wing; Martin Kileen, M. Ahern, center; Ed Stanley, Mike Brown, M. Stanley, forwards; P. J. Mulcahy, Ed Ahern, scorers. O'Connells—E. Flynn, goal; J. Mangan, Tim Mangan, backs; Tim Buckley, John McElligott, half-backs; Pat White, Wm. Doody, points; J. Shealy, James Curtin, M. Murphy, Tom Lyons, centre; J. Leahy, R. McAuliffe, right wing; Rich McAuliffe, Jeremiah McAuliffe, left wing; Dan Pendy, forward.

When the leather was surrendered to the O'Mahoneys and Finertys the latter, much to the surprise of the spectators, assumed the aggressive. The Finertys pushed matters and scored 2 points after ten minutes' play. Not to be outdone the O'Mahoneys returned the leather and after a sharp conflict in Finerty territory scored a goal and a point. The Finertys took the lead again, Ryan securing a goal. At the end of the half time, however, the score was again even, each team having 1 goal and 2 points to its credit. On the recommencement of play the O'Mahoneys became aggressive and secured a point which the Finertys set off by securing another. The O'Mahoneys then scored 3 in succession. The Finertys were endeavoring to equalize matters when the storm came up. The referee decided to finish the game There was uncertainty as to whether the Finertys made 1 or 2 points during the storm, but in either case they lost the game. The players were: O'Mahoneys—J. Howe, captain; T. Howe, R. Barry, M. Dunne, W. Dunne, P. Healy, D. Healy, J. Connors, C. Begley, J. Sullivan, M. Casey, J. English, J. Harrington, J. Galway, M. Kennedy, R. Kennedy, J. O'Donnell. Finertys—T. Cronin, captain; P. Shaughnessy, P. McGrath, D. Maher, P. Ryan, J. Hayes, J. Fitzgerald, J. Ryan, J. Morrissey, M. Mulcahey, M. O'Hara, M. Leaney, J. Cooney, R. Morrissey, W. Shaughnessy, P. Quinn, P. Healy.—*Herald, July 10.*

DR. EMMET FOR SEPARATION.

[*New York Tablet, July 1.*]

Blood will tell, after all, and there is evidently enough of the patriotic blood of his ancestors in Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet to make him a good Irishman, and, deep down in his heart, a rebel against British rule in Ireland, in any shape or form. To a reporter the other day who interviewed him in regard to the present Home Rule bill, now dragging wearily along in committee of the house of commons, he said:

"I am glad to accept any bill as a basis that will not mean ruin for the country. A bill that would beggar it financially would be useless. There is not a man with Irish blood in his veins but wishes for separation. That is not practicable now, and we would take a Home Rule bill to build on. We, of course, cannot bind future generations. I shall be glad if we can get this Home Rule bill peaceably. Robert Emmet, if he were living, I think would wish so too, but of course I am in favor of keeping physical force organizations alive. There is no knowing when they may be needed, and in any event they stir people up. I should be sorry to think that we should have to go back to old methods, and I hope we will not, but the struggle must go on."

It would be strange, indeed, if the descendant of the brother of Robert Emmet—a brother, too, equally as patriotic as the martyr-patriot himself—would be satisfied with anything short of a complete national autonomy for Ireland. We are glad to hear, therefore, that in spite of his connection with the Federation humbug and the influences of his present surroundings, Dr. Emmet is at heart a sound Nationalist. Freed from such influences, Dr. Emmet would soon divest himself of his Federation heresies.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At a special meeting of the directors of the Citizens' Brewing Co., held at the office June 12, 1893, the following resolutions relative to the death of the president, Mr. James Stenson, were adopted:

WHEREAS, The board of directors of the Citizens' Brewing Co. have learned with keen sadness of the death of our late president and treasurer, Mr. James Stenson.

WHEREAS, While bowing to the will of Providence, we desire to condole and sympathize with his afflicted wife and family, and to record the almost irreparable loss we sustain in his demise; Ever watchful and untiring in labor, care and management of our business, we cheerfully acknowledge his great skill and managerial tact, and to him alone we attribute the success of our business.

WHEREAS, As a citizen and business man for more than thirty-five years in our community, he was the personification of honor and business integrity; his Christian character, worthy of our emulation, we hope merited for him now that he is dead, the consoling words, "Come ye blessed of my Father."

Resolved, That we attend the funeral obsequies; that the resolutions be embodied in our records and an engrossed copy be furnished his wife and family.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J. J. H." City.—Your verses show promise, but are not quite up to our standard. You are evidently very young, and, as you have poetical taste, study the best authors of poetry, so that you may become familiar with rhythmical construction.

GRAND OLD MAN OF FRANCE.

Marshal MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, the Great and Famous Soldier and Ex-President.

Lineal Descendant of Brian Boru—85 Years Old—His Words: "Here I Am and Here I Will Remain."

[*Chicago Daily News, July 10.*]

NEW YORK, July 5.—"Here I am and here I will remain," is as proud a boast, perhaps, as ever was uttered on a field of battle. It was spoken against desperate odds. But it was amply and magnificently fulfilled. And the hero who spoke it, now, at the age of 85, seems almost to repeat it in the face of the common and ultimate conqueror of human life.

More, indeed, than the Comte de Lesseps or any other of his contemporaries, the Duc de Magenta deserves the title of grand old man of France. And when his 85th birthday anniversary is celebrated on the 13th of July, although there will be little if any public demonstration, there will be scarcely one loyal heart in France that will not do him honor.

Illustrious beyond most men in ancestry, the Duc has by his own great achievements added even to the fame of his forefathers. And however he may have erred in judgment there is not in all his long life story one single suspicion of a blot upon his honor. The foremost soldier of his day, senator and the president of the French republic, he faces today the sunset of life crowned with all men's love and praise.

Marie Edmonde Patrice Maurice MacMahon, to give the veteran marshal his full name, is descended from that famous Brian Boru, who, early in the eleventh century, was king of Ireland and victor over the Danes at Clontarf. The earldom of Thomond belonged to one branch of the family. Another branch suffered many reverses of fortune, and by the middle of the seventeenth century was content to be vassal to the illustrious house of Sarsfield.

The head of this branch was one Terence MacMahon, and his own son, also named Terence, married Anne Clarke, a waiting-maid formerly employed by the Castlemaines, and brought to Dublin from England by Tyrconnel. After the final overthrow of James II this couple went to Leadmore, in county Clare, to live on the ancestral farm of the MacMahons. Of their seven sons only the youngest, John, lived to grow up, and they took into their family and adopted as their own a nephew named John Baptiste MacMahon. The two lads, bright, strapping fellows, were sent to Paris to be educated as doctors. They fell in with the gayest of gay life, and, since infidelity was fashionable, loudly proclaimed themselves infidels and atheists. The result was that they were not allowed to take their diplomas. Forthwith they removed to Rheims and there were graduated with honors. Through the influence of Lord Tyrconnel, John was presently made chief surgeon in the military hospital at Colmar and John Baptist became surgeon of the Swiss guard at Fontainebleau.

John MacMahon soon got tired of the dullness of life at Colmar and returned to Paris, whence he presently went to Berlin as physician to the French embassy, Tyrconnel being the ambassador. At Berlin he became a great chum of Voltaire and was confirmed in his atheism. In 1772 he returned to Paris, became head physician at the Ecole militaire and married a distant cousin named, like his mother, Anne Clark. They had one son, named Patrick, soon after whose birth the mother died. Patrick grew up to be a doctor, and was made by Napoleon librarian of the faculty of medicine.

In the meantime John Baptist MacMahon prospered greatly. He was a handsome fellow and had half the great ladies at Fontainebleau in love with him. Mme de Brienne took such a fancy to him that, to keep him out of the way of her rivals, she persuaded him to go to Autun, where she had a house and spent much of her time, as chief of the hospital.

There the handsome young doctor got into the good graces of a crippled old woman who had 3,000,000 and persuaded her to quarrel with her family and settle all her fortune on him. Then he married Charlotte le Belin d'Equilly. This lady was the widow of Jean Lazare de Morey, governor of Vezelay. She was also daughter of Jean le Belin, secretary to the king. And she was next and heiress to the Marquis de Viange, Baron de Sully, lord of the finest estate in Burgundy. This marriage placed the Irish doctor very high indeed on the social ladder. Of his seven children the oldest took the title of Marquis de Viange. The second, Maurice Charles, became Comte de Charney and Baron de Sully.

When the revolution came on Maurice Charles emigrated to Brussels and there married Pelagie Edmee Riquet de Caraman of Caraman Chimay, a cousin of Mirabeau. And their third son is the subject of this sketch, Marshal MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, ex-president of the French republic.

It may be added that the family of the crippled old woman brought suit to recover her fortune from John Baptist MacMahon, and the case was the most famous one of the century. Changarnier was MacMahon's lawyer. But the case was interrupted by the revolution and so was never decided and the MacMahons kept the fortune.

The present illustrious bearer of the name was born at Autun on July 13, 1808, and, like most French soldiers, was educated at the great military school of St. Cyr. His first active service was in Africa and there he so distinguished himself that at the age of 22 he received the cross of the Legion of Honor. This decoration Gen. Clauzel bestowed upon him, on the field of battle. Two years later at the siege of Antwerp, he won the cross of the Order of Leopold. Then he went back to Africa and presently achieved still greater renown.

At the close of the successful battle of Torchia it is is related that Gen. Achard wished to send a message to Count Rulhieres at Bildah, between three and four miles off, instructing him to change the order of his march. This message he intrusted to MacMahon and as the journey was dangerous offered to send a squadron of mounted chasseurs with him. Declining the escort, MacMahon rode off alone and had just approached a broad, deep ravine about 600 yards from Bildah, when suddenly he beheld a host of Arabs in full pursuit of him from every side. Seeing there was no alternative but to jump the treacherous gulf or be butchered by his pursuers, he put spurs to his horse, reached the bank and cleared the ravine at a bound. The pursuing Arabs recoiled from so dangerous a leap and only sent after the daring soldier a shower of bullets as horse and rider rolled over on the other side, with the animal's leg broken. While balls whistled around him MacMahon disengaged himself from the wounded steed and reached the town in safety.

At the attack on Constantine in 1836 he received a slight wound, was commended for his bravery and promoted to the grade of officer of the Legion of Honor. Some years afterward he organized the Tenth battalion of Chasseurs d'Orleans, became in 1842 lieutenant-colonel of the Second Foreign legion, next colonel of the Forty-first infantry, and, finally, in 1848, general of brigade and governor of Tlemcen. In 1849 he was made commander of the Legion of Honor and promoted to the governorship of the provinces of Oran and Constantine, a position wherein he proved himself a good administrater and acquired new laurels as a soldier.

When the Crimean war broke out, in 1855, MacMahon was recalled to Paris. He was now in the prime of life. He wore the cross of the Legion of Honor. He had served in Africa for twenty-five years. And, with military precision, he had been absolutely loyal to the several governments which had in the meantime ruled France, supporting Napoleon as loyally as he did the Bourbon Charles X. He proceeded from Paris to the seat of war in the Crimea, where he commanded a division of infantry in Marshal Bosquet's corps.

In the final assault on Sebastopol (Sept. 8, 1855), he had the perilous honor of leading the attack on the Malakoff, which formed the key to the Russian defenses. In a few instants, owing to the irresistible ardor of the troops he penetrated the fort and there resisted for hours the desperate attacks of the Russians. While in this dangerous position MacMahon received orders to return from Pellisier, who had been told that the Malakoff was mined. To this the undaunted soldier replied laconically:

"Here I rm and here I will remain!"

And he did remain until the Russians, baffled by the obstinacy and daring of the French, began a headlong retreat and Sebastopol was won.

This daring exploit, which virtually ended the war, won MacMahon world-wide fame and secured him, with the grand cross, the rank of senator. When peace relieved him from further service in Europe he returned to the scene of his early campaigns and was soon actively engaged in subduing the bold and intrepid mountain tribes of Kabylia. In a short time he received command of the land and sea forces of Algeria and was reposing on his well-won laurels when called to the field by the outbreak of war with Austria. In command of the second army of the Alps he rendered signal service at Magenta. In one week Napoleon had driven the Austrians across the Ticino, turned their flank and forced them to give battle.

Attacked unexpectedly at the bridge of Magenta, where the Austrians had concentrated 150,000 men, the French resisted for several hours, but were on the point of giving way when MacMahon, who had early in the day crossed the river further up with the view of executing a flank movement, suddenly changed his plans, hastened to the battlefield, bore down on the Austrians with irresistible force and utterly routed them, capturing 7,000 prisoners. He was rewarded on the field with the title of duke of Magenta and was created marshal of France. In 1861 he represented France at the coronation of William III of Prussia and displayed extraordinary pomp in the Prussian capital. On his return he succeeded Marshal Canrobert in the command of the Third army corps and in 1864 was appointed governor-general of Algeria.

His administration was embarrassed by famine among the native population and by political contentions arising from the desire of the colonists for a better system of government than Napoleon was willing to accord them.

At the outbreak of the Franco-German war great hopes were placed on MacMahon. He received command of the army of the south and moved toward the frontier. He encountered (Aug. 6, 1870), the German forces at Worth and was forced to retreat in disorder to Nancy, where he proceeded to reorganize the scattered forces, retreating from different points on the frontier with the view of defending the capital.

While so engaged he was ordered to proceed to the relief of Metz, and thus retard the advance of the victorious Germans on Paris. He entered promptly on the disastrous march which ended at Sedan, where the army was forced to surrender, and where he was dangerously wounded early in the day by a shell. He suffered severely from this wound for some time, but resumed his military duties about the time the commune was proclaimed in Paris and the city was held against the national government. He conducted the siege operations successfully and cordially aided President Theirs in re-establishing order and placing the republic on a firmer basis. His loyalty was never impeached, although it was currently believed that he retained a strong attachment for Napoleon III, and obeyed the republic because it was the established government rather than from the conviction that it was the best form that could be adopted for the French people.

In May, 1873, Louis Adolphe Thiers resigned the presidency of the French republic and MacMahon was chosen to succeed him. His administration was pure above all suspicion. But his monarchial sympathies brought him into conflict with the Radicals and he in turn, early in 1879, was forced to resign. Since that time he has lived in dignified retirement, taking absolutely no part in politics, but devoting himself largely to writing his memoirs, not, as he says, for publication, but as private family records for the satisfaction of his own posterity.

ADOLPHE HOUSSAYE.

Death of Mr. Robert Gill, C.E.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Robert Gill, C.E., of Nenagh, who was highly esteemed throughout the county Tipperary. He was brother to the late Mr. Peter E. Gill, and though extremely quiet and unostentatious in his disposition, he took a manful part in every movement for the regeneration of our country since '48. His son, Mr. T. P. Gill, was member for South Louth from 1885 to 1892. His remains will be interred in the family burial place at Tyone on Friday at 1 o'clock.—*Irish Daily Independent, June 29.*

"BABY PATRICK."

BY RICHARD OULAHAN.

"So they've christened the baby 'Patrick!'
What a name to give their boy!
To be laughed at on the play-ground,
And wither their rosebud's joy.
It sounds so all over *Irish*
That I'd rather have called him Ike,
Or Jonathan, Seth or Nathan—
But Patrick I dislike."

Thus flippantly spoke a maiden
Of the upstart, shoddy style,
Who had never read the story
Of her father's peerless isle,
Nor had heard of Patrick Sarsfield,
Hibernia's lightning "lance,"
Nor Duke of Magenta, Patrick
McMahon, chief of France.

Nor of Patrick Cleburne—"rebel,"
We called him in the war—
Whose charging cheer was music
Away on the front afar;
Nor of countless other soldiers,
And of statesmen great and good,
Who deemed it a badge of honor
The name she would have tabooed.

I love the old name Patrick,
And none in adopted land
Would wear it today more proudly
If stamped by the soggarth's hand.
For the true American honors
The *man*, not the *name*, I ween,
And he values not less the colleen
Who sings of the shamrock green.

So, maiden, tell "baby Patrick"
To hold up his head at school:
That they are not of the genuine Irish
Who cowardly play the fool.
Let him do but his duty bravely
To God and his country dear,
And his beautiful patronymic
Shall always sound pleasant here.

THE LATE FATHER WALDRON.

The death of the Rev. John J. Waldron, which occurred on Thursday morning, the 7th inst., is an event sincerely deplored by all who ever came within the sphere of his influence, removing as it does from the Catholic priesthood, one honored as a pastor and beloved as a friend. On the Sunday before his death Father Waldron was attending as usual to his spiritual duties in his parish of St. Luke's at River Forest, and to all outward appearances was enjoying robust health. In the afternoon he paid a brief visit to a friend, and in the evening he was, without the least forewarning, smitten down with paralysis. He retained consciousness at intervals until about 11 o'clock Thursday morning, when he breathed his last. Thus passed from earth, in the prime of early manhood, and in the midst of a career of usefulness, a man of rare promise, who was endowed with those qualities of brain and heart that command esteem and affection. He was a man of scholarly attainments and wide acquaintance with books and men, a pulpit orator of acknowledged rank, gifted with an eloquent, persuasive and earnest manner of speech. A distinguishing feature of his personality, and one which went always hand in hand with his spiritual development, was his large sense of human fellowship, a trait which with some may have provoked the criticism that he was too wide in his sympathies. But if this was a failing in a good priest, surely it was one that "leaned to virtue's side." His holy calling brought him into communion with the distressed and the unfortunate, and he was ever found a helpful counsellor, while in happier realms of life he was a genial and entertaining companion. He knew the language both of sorrow and of joy, and that knowledge was nourished from the fountain of a warm and loving heart. It is often a cheap and dubious kind of applause to bestow upon a man to say that he had no enemies. This was especially true of Father Waldron, but he possessed the positive quality, which is by no means so common, of making many lovers. He had very literally "troops of friends," and all might have accompanied his old age, had it been his destiny to reach it.

Father John Joseph Waldron was born at Niagara Falls, June 18, 1854. His early education was in a district school, after which he entered upon his theological studies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. He was ordained a priest June 28, 1879, by Bishop Spalding. The first year of his ministry he passed as curate to his uncle, Rev. Father Waldron, then pastor of St. John's church in this city, and whose memory is revered for the blessed work he accomplished. After retiring from his uncle's parish he became pastor at Pullman, where he organized the parish known as Holy Rosary. Five years ago he was transferred from Pullman to Oak Park.

The funeral of the deceased pastor took place last Saturday at St. Luke's church, River Forest. An immense gathering of people came from all parts of the city and the surrounding parishes to attend the services. Among the prominent clergymen present were: Rev. Fathers McGuire, Dorney, Hodnett, Henneberry, Leyden, of Aurora, Ill.; Campbell, Sullivan, McDonald, Green, Kelly, Agnew, Foster, of Joliet, Ill.; Dunne, Cartan, Vandaleer, of South Chicago; Smith, Carroll, McGrath, Hackett, Gallian, Crowe and many others. Among the laity were noticed: Judge E. J. Dunne, John C. Schubert, John P. Hopkins, Thomas Brenan, Inspector N. Hunt, Inspector John D. Shea, Capt. Martin Hayes, ex-Supt. Simon O'Donnell, John Trayner, William O'Connell, John E. Dunne, William C. McClure, Frank E. O'Brien, Patrick Turner, J. J. Flynn, Wm. Brennan, Webb David, Daniel and John Horan, P. W. Dunne, Andrew Ryan, James M. Cleary, John Kennedy, Daniel Wall, James C. Strain and hundreds of others.

The services began with the chanting by over sixty priests, of the litany for the dead, at the closing of which requiem high mass was sung. Rev. Father Hugh McGuire, of St. James' church, was celebrant, assisted by Rev. Father Leyden of Aurora, deacon, and Rev. Richard McGuire, sub-deacon. Rev. Father Dorney, of St. Gabrial's church parish, preached the funeral sermon, paying many just and touching tributes to the dead. The Rev. Father selected for his text the words from our Lord's Prayer: "Our Father who art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name. Forgive us our tresspasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us." Father Dorney spoke of the gentle character of the deceased clergyman, and the deep interest he took in the welfare and prosperity of his fellowmen. He had a heart full of unbounded love and charity. These liberal traits of character often exposed Father Waldron to criticism, but to all such critics he expressed his forgiveness as he hoped to be forgiven. His whole life was devoted to doing good according to the light that was in him. From the earliest days of his boyhood his disposition was that of a truly generous nature, not tinctured with the slightest trace of selfishness, but devoting to men's service the same warm, tender and affectionate heart which he carried with him to the hour of his death. He was a ripe scholar, a finished and effective pulpit orator. His associates through life were men of education and refinement, bright, keen business men, and the large assemblage gathered there that day attested the deep esteem and affection in which he was held, and can be looked upon as a monument of loving memory for him.

During the delivery of the sermon hardly a dry cheek could be seen in the church, strong men gave way to their feelings as the eloquent and pathetic words fell from the priest's lips. After the close of the services the lid of the casket was removed and the congregation formed into a procession before the altar, where each had an opportunity to look for the last time on the face of their departed friend. The cortege proceeded to Calvary cemetery, where the interment took place. Rev. Father McGuire, assisted by many priests, officiated at the grave. The pallbearers were: Michael Carter, P. W. Dunne, C. P. Dungan, Anthony Bedard, John Kennedy, John Barrett, John Suppell and William Delacy. The last funeral services the representative of THE CITIZEN heard the deceased gentleman preach he concluded with these beautiful words, which now appear singularly and pathetically appropriate: "He has closed the book of life and bound it with a golden clasp, and his reward is a blessed inheritance."

FRENCHMAN AND GERMAN.

[*London Daily News, June 5.*]

Our Paris correspondent reports that a very touching ceremony took place on Saturday at Battilly, on the Franco-German frontier. A German contingent came to reclaim a handful of their dead, of the Prussian Guard, who fell in the war of 1870. Their dead were delivered up to them, and were carried, with every mark of respect from the representatives of both armies, to a monument on the German side, within which they are to find their final rest. The French troops formed in hollow square while German and French chaplains delivered orations on the heroism of victors and of vanquished. The troops presented arms, and there came a moment of the deepest significance when the German soldiers stood facing the French soldiers in the salute, and the German and the French generals in advance stood looking right into each other's eyes. They had not seen each other so close, with weapons in their hands, since they parted from the death grip, which cost France her provinces. This time, of course, they met and they parted as friends, yet not without a grim suggestion of the possibility of their future meeting in the old character. The ceremony would have been worthy, in its dignity, to mark the end of all war. In this way, perhaps, one day, as the nations acquire a fuller sense of the littleness of little things, and the greatness of great, they will close their bloody accounts of internecine strife. The graves will give up their dead for home sepulture, and the living legions will lay their swords to rest for ever in the fresh turned earth. That majestic close was altogether wanting on Saturday. The weapons which had been brought to the salute were returned to the positions in which they were carried for the work of war. Soon there was nothing to be seen at Battilly, but a French sentinel on one side of the line, and a German on the other, and behind them, to any one who had the necessary reach of vision, camp upon camp of armed men stretching to the farthest limits of each state, and ready, at a word, to rush together, and repeople the empty graves. The pity of it and the folly! But it is still "the way we live now." On the continent, at least, nothing seems changed for the better, since the indolent gods watched Greek and Trojan from Olympus as the pastime of a summer day.

The war correspondents of the *Daily News* have told us how Battilly came to have its store of dead. The Saxons were sent there in the course of the great movement by which Bazaine was shut up in Metz. They were to cross his path if he attempted to steal out in that direction, and if they found no trace of him they were to move eastward, and take his right in flank at Amanvilliers. The Prussian Guards meanwhile were to attack the French in front. It was well planned, but it was not exactly in accordance with the facts of the French position. Their right was not to be found where the Germans expected to find it, and they were posted in enormous strength at St. Privat, where, for the moment, they could not be attacked without disarranging the whole German plan of battle. The plan was altered, for, of course, St. Privat had to be taken at all hazards. It refused to yield to a pitiless artillery fire, so the Prussian Guards went forward to pay for it with their lives. They waited until, as Mr. Forbes phrases it, they heard the music of the guns which announced the promised co-operation of the Saxons, and then they stormed furiously into the place. The Saxons stormed in as furiously from the other side, and St. Privat was won. But it was not won at once. The French clung to it with stubborn valor, contesting every inch of the way, and causing terrible loss to their assailants. The capture of St. Privat turned the French right flank, and it was one of the decisive operations of the battle of Gravelotte.

It was an awful battle, yet it was but one of a series. Four days before, the Prussians had attacked the French near Pange and Courcelles, and both sides had fought with the fiercest determination until night put an end to the slaughter, and left the event uncertain. Two days later, the van of the army of Prince Frederick Charles, but 30,000 strong, fell upon the whole of the army of Bazaine at Mars la Tour under the false impression that it was only the rear guard. The Prussians had to make good their mistake with their lives. They fought for seven hours, until the Hanoverians and some Rhenish regiments turned the tide of battle and compelled the French to retire. On the 18th came Gravelotte. On the 20th Mr. Forbes rode over two of the battlefields, and he has told us what he saw. Within a space of six miles in length by four in depth there was not a space so large as Piccadilly circus which did not bear some token that one or more men had fallen on it. Now, the tokens were "dead bodies, sometimes straggling so that several yards intervened, sometimes so close that you could hardly step without treading on the dead." Bloody coats, pieces of linen, helmets, cuirasses, knapsacks riddled by bullets, dead horses well nigh blown into fragments by the bursting of shells, all helped to tell the tale.

The lines of demarcation between the German and the French dead were in places drawn with almost mathematical accuracy. In one place the signs showed where the German hosts had poured forth at a critical moment out of a wood to cross a plain raked by the French fire. "The French stood their ground and died," wrote another of our correspondents in the *Daily News*, "the Prussians moved forward and died, both by hundreds. I had almost said thousands. This for an hour or two that seemed ages, so fearful was the slaughter." The German advances resembled some huge serpent gliding out on the field. "But, lo! it left a track behind it—a dark track. Beneath the glass that track is resolved into fallen, struggling men. As the horrid significance of that path so traced came upon me I gazed yet more intently. Many of those who had fallen leapt up with their comrades again. I did not see any running backward, though many fell in their efforts to rush on." Such was the great battle of Gravelotte, the Borodino of the campaign. "The thanksgiving which went up throughout Germany for its victorious issue was tempered with sorrow and awe. The slaughter had been terrific. The Prussian government was slow to proclaim the extent of its losses, but very soon a wail went up throughout Germany, as it was found that hardly a family had escaped bereavement. The flower of the Prussian nobility fell on that fatal day."

'Twas a glorious victory!

The poet has told us how much and how little there may be in those few words.

THEY MUST UNITE.

The Irish Parliamentary Party Must Close Up Their Ranks Before America Contributes Much More Money, Says Mr. Killelea, of Nashville, Tenn.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 28, 1893.—*To the Editor of the Tuam Herald, Dear Sir:* The Nashville *Daily American* of this date contains the following cablegram from London: "John Redmond and Timothy Harrington have appealed to the pepole of Ireland for funds to be used in support of the Parnellite faction. They say that the party is overwhelmed by financial burdens, and that assistance is necessary to save party organization."

The Tuam *Herald* of the issue of April 15, contained a letter of mine of what I thought of the appeal issued from London, Feb. 18, by the McCarthy party and the effect it would have on the people of this country. The Redmond and Harrington appeal is only to the people of Ireland. If the appeal for funds had come jointly from both Irish parties, pledging themselves to work for the union of the Irish party, then the Irish Parliamentary party would have the united strength of their kindred in this country, to support them in their efforts to get self-government for Ireland.

The Irish party should remember that when the Irish party were united there was no trouble in getting funds from the States. Ireland's friends here are just as anxious to subscribe for the Irish cause at the present time as they were years gone by, that is if the Irish party would again become united.

The course of the Irish Parliamentary party has been very satisfactory to their kindred in this country. How well they stood jointly together in supporting the Home Rule bill since it was introduced in the house of commons, and the members of both sections should be supported by financial aid from all over the world where our Irish race live. We in this country well know that the members of parliament receive no pay for their time in parliament, but should the Home Rule bill be defeated in the house of lords, as I expect it will be, and a general election be the result, will there be another tug of war between the Irish National parties? Unhappily there was in the past general election.

Michael Davitt's action in the North Meath election should be a lesson to the Irish party. The National party has enough to contend against when they have the landlords and the Orange fanatics to contend with. The latter especially, for they believe that riveting chains of tyranny upon the people of Ireland is their great mission, and these same Orange desperadoes call themselves Irishmen and talk of liberty, and at the same time oppose self-government! What patriotism for men living in a country and opposed to its local government? It is no wonder that Ireland is reduced in her population and financial standing when such factions are allowed to abuse their political power and encourage such arbitrary despotism over the people. To cap the climax, we see such men as Lord Salisbury, his ex-Chief Secretary and Mr. Chamberlain going over to Belfast, and making inflammatory speeches to the Orangemen, encouraging them to rebel and to carry on a war against their countrymen, who are striving to procure self-government for the good of their common country.

Yet the National party who know what they have to contend against in their own country are divided among themselves. As I have stated in several of my letters which I wrote to the Tuam *Herald* since the split, let the Irish party become united by closing their divided ranks, then the people in Ireland will see a solid people in this country come together in aid of the Irish cause. Then and then only!

Michael Davitt made a serious mistake when he applied for and received the Chiltern Hundreds, thereby resigning his seat in the house of commons. The North Meath contested election trial brought against him by Pierce Mahony, which cost Davitt $9,000, Davitt's friends would readily have paid, but he would not permit them to do so. Mr. Davitt has made several mistakes in many other important issues involving Home Rule, one of these mistakes was when he ran against Pierce Mahony in North Meath. He and his friends know well that Pierce Mahony is just as good a Nationalist for Ireland's cause as Mr. Michael Davitt.

I was somewhat surprised when I read in one of the Dublin newspapers of the issue of May 20, of a meeting held in Mallow relative to the vacancy in North East Cork, vacated by Mr. Davitt. That meeting declared that Mr. Davitt's seat should remain vacant for some time, as though there was no other man in North East Cork or in Ireland, who was capable of filling that place. That Mallow meeting seemed to have placed Michael Davitt first and Ireland second.

I was glad to read in the Tuam *Herald* of the issue of May 15 that the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* is about coming to the front again. In fact, that paper had been looked on in Nashville as a dead paper during the last two years, useless, uninteresting among the Irish citizens. There was a time when I was as anxious to read it as what I would the Tuam *Herald*. Not so now. It is about time the *Freeman* should rub off its war paint and pull down its feathers, and try to unite the Irish people once more, instead of driving a widening wedge between them to keep them divided. There are other papers in Ireland which should follow suit, and rub off their war paint and pull down their war feathers also.

The people in Ireland should feel proud of the course the Tuam *Herald* has taken since the split in the Irish party, in trying to keep the people united, though I would venture to say that there are some prejudiced, purblind people in Ireland who do not appreciate the good work that the Tuam *Herald* has done for the Irish cause. Its editorials on Irish unity and Ireland's self-government are re-published and read far and near, especially in this country.

Yours truly, JAMES KILLALEA,
President Parnell Branch Irish National League of America.

A.O.H. RETURN THANKS.

At a meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Cook county, held on Sunday, July 9, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in our final and successful efforts to establish the widow and children of Daniel Curley in a home of their own—a small tribute due to the memory of Daniel Curley from the Irish people—the sincere and heartfelt thanks of the A.O.H. of Cook county are due and are hereby tendered to John F. Finerty for the kind and generous use of the columns of THE CITIZEN, and for his noble and cheering words to Mrs. Curley, to our people and to the members of the A.O.H. on the occasion of the formal presentation of the home.

Resolved, That the sincere and heartfelt thanks of our order are also due and hereby tendered to Alexander Sullivan, Esq., for his kind and material assistance in transacting all the legal duties necessary for the proper examination and clearing of the title to the home for Mrs. Curley, and for his generous and material support and encouragement of our efforts.

Resolved, That to the Rev. Father M. O'Sullivan, of Nativity parish, we are in an especial manner indebted for his untiring and constant zeal and noble work in all our endeavors to bring this worthy object to its successful termination, and we therefore heartily extend to him our most fervent thanks.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Cook County Board, and published in THE CITIZEN.

LIEUT. JOHN BYRNE,
JOHN F. KEATING,
LAWRENCE HENELY,
Committee on Resolutions.

T. Shea, Tailor.
374 W. Madison-st.
We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

EDWARD F. RYAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 1444-1448 UNITY BUILDING.

ESTATE OF MALACHY GROGAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Malachy Grogan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1893, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, June 24, 1893
JOHN GROGAN, Administrator.
Edward F. Ryan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF SARAH HAYES, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Sarah Hayes, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1893, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, June 29, 1893.
MARGARET RYAN, Executrix.
Edward F. Ryan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF MARY MEADE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary Meade, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1893, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, June 29, 1893.
WILLIAM MEADE, Administrator.
Edward F. Ryan, Attorney.

PSYCHE.

Golden pinions, purple eyed,
Floating down the airy tide
Whence their breathes a faint perfume
Hinting of the clover's bloom—
Hither, thither, fluttering
Up and down on tireless wing—
What the spell and whose the power
Thus to lure her, hour by hour.

Does her lover captive dwell
In some clover honey cell,
Whither after weary flights
She with folded wings alights?
By what mystery of speech
Does his voice her hearing reach?
By what augury or sign
Hung upon the grass or vine?

Who the lonely prisoner
In the clover calling her,
Bidding her to set him free—
Ending his captivity?
'Tis young Cupid, stricken blind,
Shut a clover leaf behind,
Calling to the butterfly—
"Psyche, Psyche, here am I!"

Frank D. Sherman in Youth's Companion.

NOT MURDER.

Imagine a mob of men as hungry as a pack of wolves whose frenzy has been fired by the scent of blood and in its midst a fellow being, bound hands and feet, with the noose of the lynchmen around his neck. I came suddenly upon such a scene in one of the settlements on the Rio Grande, whither I had journeyed from England to find a brother whom I had not seen for many years.

As I reined up my horse near the crowd and glanced over the exciting spectacle an involuntary cry left my lips as I recognized in the victim him whom I had come so far to see.

He saw and knew me instantly, and though no word came from him his pale, mute lips appealed to my heart for help. My appearance caused a hesitation on the part of the leaders.

I quickly learned that a stranger in those parts had been killed that morning near a small body of water a short distance from the settlement and that my brother had been caught in the very act of striking the deathblow. Not one of the spectators seemed to have any doubt of his guilt, but who is so hardened as to condemn his own brother?

I shuddered as I realized Almont's peril and in my own heart judged him innocent of any crime.

"He is my brother," I cried.

"Hark!" shouted one of the onlookers, "the brother of the murdered man is here for justice. Up with him, boys!"

"Hold," I commanded, rising in my stirrups as I spoke; "blood calls for blood. Let me have hold of that rope."

The mistake in my identity had suggested a way in which I might enable my brother to escape, and I resolved to attempt it at whatever risk. Fortunately there was little family resemblance between us.

Urging my horse forward, the crowd parted, allowing me to reach his side, when I dismounted, ostensibly to examine the slipping noose.

"It will do," I said loud enough to be heard by all. "Now help me to lift him on the back of my horse. We want to do this job in some shape."

Willing ones sprang to my assistance, but in the brief interval I cut the prisoner's bonds so that they held only by a thread and arranged the noose so that it could be thrown off as soon as his arms were free.

I knew few horses could match mine in speed, and once he had cleared the throng my brother would be comparatively safe.

He understood my intentions, and the moment we lifted him upon the horse he wrenched his arm free, threw off the noose, dropped into the saddle, and giving the animal a smart blow dashed through the crowd like a whirlwind, and in a few moments was beyond pursuit.

Of course there was loud reviling over his escape, but I appeared so anxious for his recapture that no blame was attached to me. To carry out the deception I had the body of the stranger carefully buried and remained in the place until I deemed it safe to depart.

It was nearly three months before I met my brother in London, whither he had fled, and then he thanked me with tears in his eyes for my daring assistance in his escape from the lynchers. To my surprise, however, he evaded the subject of the murder, saying simply that no crime had been committed. I did not feel like pressing the matter, so the affair was not mentioned again, though it has haunted my mind ever since. Last week my brother died with no kindred near him, and today's post has brought me a manuscript containing a startling revelation.

In justice to my brother's name, as well as my own satisfaction, I am prompted to give to the world the strangest confessions ever made. The following is his account as he wrote it for me:

"When this is read, I shall have passed beyond the tribunal of man, so I wish to impress upon you that I am about to record faithfully an experience which I sincerely hope will fall to the lot of no other person.

"I was alone in my room late one dark, stormy night when I heard a rap on the door, which I fancied at first was but the wind shaking it on its hinges. But it was repeated louder than before. I bade the applicant, whoever he might be, to come in, without looking up from the book which held my attention.

"A moment later the door was opened, and with the gust of wind which sent every light object in the room flying topsy turvy a man entered the apartment with quick, catlike steps.

"'Pardon me for the unreasonable hour at which I call,' he said in a clear, crisp tone, 'but I suppose doctors get used to all sorts of calls.'

"'Certainly,' I replied, I fear somewhat impatiently, as he had interrupted me at a time when I did not like to be disturbed. 'What can I do for you?'

"'Oh, I do not come for professional assistance,' he hastened to say, evidently reading my thoughts. 'Mine is strictly a business call. Are you at liberty for a few minutes?'

"'Yes, but the hour is late, so I trust you will be as brief as possible.'

"'Dr. Barlow, how much are you worth?'

"'Enough to made life comfortable for myself,' I replied. 'If you have no more important question than that, our interview might as well come to an end at once.'

"'Pardon me, I will come to business. As I told you, I am a professor of science, and I have made a discovery which is worth millions—yes, sir, millions.

"'I need not tell you of the anxious days and sleepless nights it has cost me. No matter; I have succeeded at last, and you are the first man I have ever approached with my secret. I did not do that until I was satisfied you were the safest one I could find.'

"As he spoke he opened a small bag which he carried and took out three or four vials to place upon the table.

"'Education based upon scientific research,' he remarked, 'has made a startling advance within the past few years. But no man has gone further into the unfathomable depths than myself. You have a basin of water here. Pardon me if I appropriate it to my own use.'

"I bowed in acquiescence, too much surprised to speak.

"He quickly unsealed one of the vials and poured its contents into the basin of water. Then from another he sifted a bluish colored powder upon the surface of the liquid, which no sooner had touched the other than it began to hiss, foam and sparkle until there came a report like a pistol shot, and a column of lurid flame leaped up to the ceiling. I started back with a cry of terror.

"'Don't be alarmed,' he assured me, with a smile; 'the water will soon burn out.'

"The fire soon began to grow pale and to diminish in height, when it finally died out altogether, and I saw that the basin was empty.

"'How much do you think that secret is worth?' asked my visitor, still showing his white teeth between his parted lips.

"'What do you mean?' I cried.

"'Sit down and be composed, and I will quickly explain.' Then as I sank into the nearest seat, at a loss what to do or say, he continued:

"'Seeing is believing, so I have shown to you what I can do to impress upon you more deeply the power that I possess. You have seen that basin of water burn like so much oil, and now you will believe me when I tell you that I have unlocked one of nature's great secrets and that the key lies in that small vial!'

"His demoniacal smile as he spoke made me shudder.

"'I do not understand you,' I faltered. 'If you mean that you can burn water'——

"'Haven't I done it?' he cried. 'Why, man alive! don't you realise the importance of that secret? In those vials are held the component agents able to separate the constituent parts of water and, freeing the same, set them at war with each other, which must result in combustion and total annihilation.

"'Think of that and realize that I hold in my hand the destiny of the world. Let me throw over so little of those wonderful properties into the Atlantic and dare you contemplate the result? In one instant a nucleus of fire would be formed to grow swiftly in size, separating the gases of water and feeding upon them until the shores of Europe and America would be wrapped in a sheet of flame.

"'No deluge that ever drowned the world could extinguish the conflagration, but would rather transport the fiery legions to the very pillars of the heavens, and it would spread from shore to shore and from ocean to ocean, until it had infolded the globe in its seething embrace. Every creature of the sea, the air and the land would perish—ay, the earth itself would melt into fervent heat.'

"During this startling speech he had worked himself into a fearful frenzy to fix his intent gaze upon me as he concluded with a light that burned into my inmost being. I felt I was in the presence of a madman.

"'Oh, well,' I said, with what calmness I could command, 'we won't anticipate so dreadful a catastrophe as you so vividly describe. But it is evident you have made a remarkable discovery. I am anxious to know just how you accomplished it.'

"'Which is my secret,' he said, with another smile, and I saw that my dispassionate speech had had a soothing effect upon him. The man was evidently sane except on that one subject.

"'You are the most sensible man I have met,' he soon resumed, 'and I am going to impart enough of my secret to you so you will act with good faith in assisting me in a direction where I am powerless.

"'It needs not my words to tell you that water is composed of two gases, hydrogen and oxygen, in parts as 2 to 1. United in that proportion these elements are impervious to fire. Every schoolboy knows that. But mix them in any other proportion, and heat, flame, combustion, are the immediate consequence.

"'Now, I have discovered the key which unlocks the affinity holding together the constituent parts of water. A few grains of this powder are sufficient to dismember its warlike elements, when the funeral pyre of the human race is kindled as far as this planet is concerned.'

"'Impossible!' I could not help exclaiming. 'God in his infinite wisdom never created a world so beautiful as this and then placed in the hands of its subjects the means of its destruction.'

"'Poor fool!' he said, compassionately. 'You forget that the moon is but a fire extinguished world; that planets without number are the charred remains of what were once scenes of life and beauty; that the sun is a molten mass of heat; that he has said in his own word, in the end "the heavens shall be folded together like a scroll, the elements to melt with fervent heat."'

"'You see this vial. It contains potassium. It needs not me to tell a man of your information the result when this is brought into contact with oxygen. It ignites instantly. This powder here, the secret of whose compound is known only to me, contains properties which instantly decompose the watery elements. The moment the oxygen is free the potassium ignites it, and the work of fiery destruction is begun.

"'You betray a look of doubt. Perhaps you think that this action will be merely local—that the properties will quickly burn out, and in consequence the fire die for want of sustenance. If so, you err. The properties of this powder are self generating, and as long as the water lasts must of necessity continue their work of decomposition, the oxygen continually feeding the flames.

"'Get me another basin of water. I want to demonstrate it more clearly to you.'

"As he had done before, he turned the potassium into the basin and then sifted in a certain amount of the powder. The hissing and fuming quickly began, followed by a sharp report, when a column of fire again sprang up, which lasted until the water was consumed.

"'You see, my first trial was no illusion,' he said, turning to me. 'What I have done once I can do every time.'

"'It is a terrible thing!' I exclaimed, with a shudder. 'But why have you come to me?'

"'Because the secret is worth much to me. But when I approach men they call me mad and will not listen. They will believe you, and when you have proved what I can do they will gladly pay my price. Then I will divide with you, and we both shall be rich, you to live at your ease and I to continue my investigations. Will you help me?' and he caught me by the arm with a clutch I seem to feel now.

"'Help you?' I asked in a husky voice. 'Would you jeopardize the lives of the whole human race for a few paltry thousands? A man of your great intellect and research should be above'——

"'You still doubt my ability to do what I claim?' he interrupted. 'Perhaps in the open air you think I would fail? Come with me and I will astonish even you. See, the storm has cleared away, and the day is breaking.'

"I was puzzled what to do. There was no one in the house upon whom I could call for assistance, but outdoors I might escape the man, whom, I confess, I feared. So I consented to accompany him.

"The morning light was fast dispelling the shadows of night and storm, and we had no difficulty in making our way to a little body of water quite hemmed in by the mountains and the forest. My companion, as if fearing I would attempt to escape, had not taken his gaze from me since we had left the house.

"'There is a good place to test our work,' he declared, pointing to a small pool of water formed in a depression of the earth by the late storm.

"Without waiting for my reply he threw some of the potassium and powder into the water. The result was startling to me, though I had anticipated the consequence.

"The report was deafening, and the flames seemed to leap to the sky, illuminating the night scene with a ghastly light, but startling as was the light of the burning water the appearance of my companion, who had seemed to be suddenly transformed into a demon, was more terrible.

"'See, see!' he cried, dancing to and fro with fiendish glee, 'it burns—will burn till the pool is dry. What do you think of my secret now? Do not I hold the key to all life? Oh, I feel like a god, and all men are but worms crawling at my feet! See, the flames leap higher and higher!'

"'Now, let me drop the same agents which set that pool on fire into this lake, and the result will be the same. Aye, the same, only a million times more grand, for the fire will follow the river to the gulf and thence to the ocean, to envelop the entire world in its blazing sheet. What a sight for the gods to witness!'

"He gesticulated fiercely and reached one arm over the water, as if to drop the infernal powder upon its placid bosom, his wild looking figure lit up by the transplendent glow of the burning pool. I gazed with awe upon him, realizing only too well the terrible earnestness of his tone.

"'Wait!' I cried hoarsely, 'you forget the money. Your secret is worth'——

"'Bah! Who prates of money with a cringing world at his feet?' he shrieked. 'They laugh at me. Now let their tears put out the flames my hand has kindled. See! The potassium, it fumes, hisses, dances upon the water! Now the pow'—

"Imagine who can the horror of my situation. The blood seemed to freeze in my veins. My limbs seemed paralyzed, but I quickly overcame my lethargy. The life of every being in the world was in my hands. Nerving myself for the blow, I felled the mad scientist dead at my feet. At that moment the fire behind me expired. The world was saved.

"You know the rest. I was discovered in the act of dealing the fatal blow by men who could not understand the immeasurable deed I had done. You saved my life. In the sight of God I feel that I have committed no crime, but I shall die easier knowing that when I am gone the truth will be known to the world. My conscience is clear, and yet the secret has pointed in my every action like a finger of fire."—Tit-Bits.

The First Steam Cruiser.

It is generally known that the first steam driven vessel to cross the Atlantic was built in Canada. The information is not so general, however, that this same craft was subsequently converted into a cruiser and was the first steamship engaged in actual war.

The facts in the case are stated in "Johnson's Alphabet of First Things In Canada." The ship was the Royal William. She was built at the Cove, Quebec, in the winter of 1830-1, and during the season of 1832-3 plied between Quebec and Halifax. In the latter season she was sent to London and there chartered by the Portuguese government to transport troops intended for the service of the late Dom Pedro to Brazil. Returning to London, she was sold to the Spanish government, by the latter converted into a cruiser and employed against Don Carlos in the civil war of 1836, thus being the first steamer to fire a hostile shot.—Toronto News.

INVITING OLD AGE.

SOME OF THE WAYS IN WHICH WOMEN LOSE THEIR YOUTH.

Mothers Neglect Their Own Needs In Exaggerated Devotion to the Children. Those Who Claim the Immunities of Age When Only In the Midday of Life.

The oldest woman I ever knew was 28. At marriage the graces of girlhood passed forever from her life. Economy became the god enthroned on every altar of her home. Ruffles and ribbons were the insignia of levity and extravagance. Dresses robbed of a yard or two grew ungracefully short and narrow. Books and papers were regarded as luxuries—not necessities. An hour spent in reading left a feeling of guilt for wasted time. Devotion to "Will and the children" came to mean self assumed slavery. Luster left the eye, elasticity the frame. Through a mistaken sense of duty she grew unkempt, narrow souled, repulsive. It has been said that the true age is what we look and feel. I have known sweet, fresh faced women of 70 who were younger than she.

In the great middle class of America the wife too often invites age by concentrating all ambition in money getting. To save the wages of servants she destroys the joy of life, the buoyancy of health. Pushing the growing daughter to the front, she sees less and less of society, dresses with increasing plainness and sinks to a household drudge, self made and valued at her own estimate.

Thirty-five has no more right to the styles and tone of 70 than to those of 17. The appropriation of the one is scarcely less ridiculous than the assumption of the other. Far better than the expensive boarding school is the example of the mother in imparting to the daughter the faultless taste of dress, the gentle repose of manner, the gracious spirit so admirable in woman. A part of the money devoted to the education of the daughter would be well spent in procuring to the mother the time for self culture. As the fair, snowy page is not so useful or beautiful as the one written with pure, uplifting thought, so the immature maiden is less valuable to home and society than the ripe, cultured woman.

People of 40 and 50 should not shelve themselves and claim the immunities of age. They are in the midday of life; the time for the exercise of knowledge, power, grace and beauty, for the uplifting of humanity. These gifts may be enhanced by dress and manner. The influence of the attractive, self respecting wife, mother, sister or friend is more potent for good than that of the one with neglected person and unlovely mind.

Discontent invites age. Indulging the unrest of the dissatisfied is destructive to looks and temper. In his "Story of a Country Town" Mr. E. W. Howe says, "Be contented if it kills you." The advice is not so bad as it looks. Contentment and stagnation are not necessarily synonymous. One may be free from worry while striving for higher planes or work. Woman should have the courage of repose. It is infinitely better than the morbid conscientiousness that goads to endless toil. Effective work requires effective rest.

Judicious mental work may help to lift one out of the ruts of premature old age. Read and think of what you read. Don't use your mind as if it were a sieve and you were trying to see how much you could pour through it. There is a belief extant that knowlege, if gained at all, must be acquired in youth. Fallacious theory! Behold Galilei at threescore and ten pursuing his studies with unflagging zeal, Cato beginning Greek when advanced in years, Ogilby commencing classical studies when past 50! Gladstone is as much the student today as when the bloom of youth mantled his cheek.

Be kind to the feelings and fancies of youth. If they prove perennial, so much the better. Don't forbid yourself glad, recreative thought and action. Don't be ashamed to make yourself as pretty as you can. A sensible woman may feel a thrill of pleasure innocent as a maiden's when receiving a glance of respectful admiration from a manly man. Smile without affectation, be pleasant without being silly—in short, be young as long as you can.—Alva Rosse in Kate Field's Washington.

Cradles Hundreds of Years Ago.

In manuscripts of the ninth and tenth centuries we had pictures of cradles formed of part of a tree trunk dug out, with holes bored through the sides for the passage of straps intended to tie the baby down in his bed. These dug out cradles are still common in modern Greece. When we come to consult the manuscripts and bas-reliefs of the fifteenth century, we notice that the cradles are no longer mere baskets or beds on rockers, but little swinging beds suspended between two pillars, the prototype of the modern bercelonnette.—Harper's Bazar.

Yes, It Is Strictly Grammatical.

The following is quoted from a leading article in the New York Tribune:

"By his death the community loses the foremost and the best of American actors, and one of the greatest tragedians that have ever lived."

To settle a dispute, will you kindly state whether the above is strictly according to English grammar?—New York Sun.

An Author's Apology.

A clever story whose hero is a young rector speaks of his removing his "biretta" during a protracted walk. "I wantonly put it on his head," says the author, with a laugh. "I knew he ought not to roam the country in that headgear, but it was so becoming that I let him do it."—New York Times.

Graphic.

A schoolboy the other day being told to describe Jacksonville, Fla., said, "It is a great summer resort in winter."—New York Tribune.

A Story of a Russian Novelist.

Turgenieff once asked the famous critic, Belinsky, and five others to dine with him at his home in the country, where he kept a famous chef.

"I will prepare such a banquet for you as you have never imagined," he declared, and he not only fixed the day, but insisted upon each person's giving his word of honor that he would be present.

"Don't fear for us," said Belinsky. "We shall be there, but you must not repeat the trick you played us last winter, when you asked us to dine and were not at home when we arrived. In order to remind you I will write to you the day before."

On the appointed day—a very hot day—the party set out for the country house in the morning and arrived thoroughly fatigued by heat and dust. But no host appeared to welcome them. The house was deserted. Repeated knocking at the door was answered by silence.

"Can Turgenieff have repeated last winter's trick?" exclaimed Belinsky. His friends tried to persuade him that they had arrived earlier than they were expected.

"But I wrote him that we would be here at 1 o'clock," said Belinsky. "What can it mean? If they would only admit us, we could wait, but here we are scorched!"

At length a boy appeared who confessed that his master was away and that the chef was at an inn in the neighborhood. He was dispatched for the chef, and the party waited, hungry and cross, until he made his appearance.

"Where is your master?" cried Belinsky.

The cook did not know.

"Did he not order a dinner for us today?"

"He did nothing of the kind," was the answer.

"Well," said Belinsky when he was composed enough to express an opinion, "he has indeed given us an unusual sort of banquet!"—"Russian Characteristics."

Teeth of the Beaver.

The beaver is armed with two long chisellike teeth in each jaw. These teeth are exceedingly powerful and are to a beaver what an ax is to a woodsman. One such tooth taken from the lower jaw of a medium sized skull (they can be removed without difficulty, unlike the most of ours) is bent into nearly a semicircle and measures 5 inches along its outer curve. Only one inch of this length projects from the skull. The corresponding one from the upper jaw is bent into more than a complete half circle and measures upon its outer face 4 inches, of which less than an inch protrudes from its bone casing. In width each tooth is five-eighths of an inch. Examination of one of them reveals the secret of how a beaver can perform such feats as chopping down a birch tree 16 inches in diameter, not to speak of softer woods, like the basswood, of much greater size.

The tooth is composed of two materials. Along the outer face or front of the tooth is a thin plate of exceedingly hard enamel. On the inner, forming the body of the tooth, is a substance called dentine. The dentine, being softer, wears away with use. The thin enamel remains comparatively unworn, so that the tooth assumes the shape of a keen chisel that never grows dull. The tooth is hollow at the base for half its length and is filled with a nourishing substance which keeps it constantly growing.—St. Nicholas.

Mr. Ferguson's Saving Prayer.

Away back in the early sixties Mr. Ferguson was defending a man accused of beating his wife. The case was on trial before a justice of the peace, probably the same justice who decided that stealing a sack of potatoes out of a canoe was "piracy on the high seas." The accused was convicted, and the justice promptly sentenced him to be hanged.

"But you can't hang a man for beating his wife," expostulated Ferguson.

"The devil I can't," said the justice, bridling up. "Ain't he guilty? Oughtn't any man to be hung who would beat a woman and that woman his wife? And ain't I the only judge in this county? If I haven't got the power to hang a man, who has, eh? I'll hang him within an hour; won't we, boys?" he concluded, addressing the crowd standing around, whose sympathies were evidently with the woman.

"That we will," shouted the crowd.

Seeing that the case was beginning to look serious for his client, Ferguson said:

"Well, your honor, before the man is hanged I'd like to take him out behind that big tree and pray with him."

"All right," said the justice, and off went the prisoner and Ferguson. When they got behind the tree Ferguson said in an undertone:

"Now git, you hound." And he got.—Seattle Press-Times.

Pottery of the American Indians.

The pottery of the North American Indian is in some respects like the dolmen pottery of Europe, although it differs in many details of form, mode of manufacture and ornamentation. The North American Indian used neither wheel nor furnace, nor did he, except rarely, decorate it with colors. The clay was frequently mixed with powdered shells. The decoration of pottery made in the eastern portion of the United States was effected by incised lines and dots with various combinations. The spiral and volute were employed.

Among the southern Indians much of the decoration was made by the impress of textile fabrics, sometimes with only a string or cord. In the interior and principally on the Mississippi river the pottery vessels were made to represent sometimes the human face, sometimes animals. There was a much greater prevalence of the bottle form in the United States than in Europe. The prehistoric pottery of Mexico and Central America forms a special group; that from the pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico another, while that made by the North American Indian constitutes a third group. Each of these has distinctive characteristics.—Great Divide.

THE SAND OF AN OLD TIMER.

Fatal Bravery That Won a Rare Tribute From a Band of Apaches.

A company of ranchmen sat about the railroad station in Pomona the other afternoon waiting for the belated overland train for Los Angeles. Every man in the party knew the others, and there being an hour or two to wait story telling of the early days on the border and in Arizona and California came natural. Stories of old times, when Indians were bad and the white pioneers knew what bravery meant, were related. John Wilson of El Monte told the most absorbing story of the hour:

"Talk about sand in a man, gentlemen! I am telling you that it takes sand of the genuine article in any man to try and stand off single handed 40 or 50 Apaches when he knows just how the scrap will end, and that the end will be his own death. But that was just the kind of sand that was in Felix Knox when he was killed by the Apaches. You see Knox was an all round gambler, such as the tenderfoot from the east scorns so much and knows so little about, but he had a heart in him bigger than any tenderfoot's head. Well, it was in the spring of 1879 Knox, with his wife and baby and a Mexican driver, was coming from Silver City to Clifton, down in Arizona. They got to York's ranch, which is on the Gila river, about 30 miles from Clifton, all right, but were told there that signs of Apaches had been seen, and that they had better go in camp there for a few days, but Knox—who had fought the Apaches dozens of times and didn't know what fear was—said he wanted to make Clifton that day, Indians or no Indians.

"Well, the Knoxes drove on. When they were about two miles from York's ranch, sure enough a big buck Indian came from behind a low, round top mesa. Knox knew there were plenty more of the red devils hid there and that it meant a fight to death for him. He was as cool as a cucumber. He jumped out of the wagon, filled his pockets with two boxes of cartridges, and then kissed his wife and baby for the last time, but saying that he would have the redskins quieted in a few minutes. He ordered the Mexican driver to lash the team for all he was worth and to drive back to York's ranch as fast as the horses could jump. Then Knox waved his hand to his wife and said he was going to stand off a few Apaches, although he was sure there was a big band of them. As the team and wagon flew back to the ranch Knox, rifle in hand, started toward the hill for his last fight. He turned once and waved his sombrero to his wife and child and then strode on to his certain death.

"The Apaches a second later rushed out from behind the hill where they were secreted. Knox faced his foes, and standing stock still pumped lead at them until he fell down dead. The next day a party of us was made up, and we went out where the fight took place. Knox's body lay there amid the cactus in the sun. The Apaches, contrary to their usual custom, had not mutilated the fellow's body in the least. They had taken a clean pocket handkerchief out of Knox's pocket and carefully spread it over his face and had fastened it there by putting a small stone on each corner of it to hold it in its place and keep the hot sun from the dead man's face. That was their tribute to the sand in Knox. Seventy empty shells were found that had been emptied from Knox's winchester, and one of the raiding Indians afterward said that their party numbered 42 and that Knox had killed seven of them."—Pomona Progress.

The Servant Was Horrified.

Dr. S. had a newly arrived Hibernian for a servant. He had also recently purchased a pair of porpoise leather boots. His wife, attracted by the novelty of the new footwear, asked the doctor in the presence of the servant what they were made of, to which he responded, "Porpoise hide."

Shortly after the lady from the Emerald Isle interviewed Mrs. S. and announced her intention of "laving whin me week is up." Mrs. S., somewhat surprised, asked the disturbed domestic the reason for her announced departure, to which Bridget responded with a horrified air:

"Your husband is a docther, mum, an I've heard them docthers do be cuttin up people, an didn't I hear um wid me own ears say that the boots of him were made of pauper's hide. It's me own ould father that died in the poorhouse, an I wouldn't be servin a haythen that uses the skin of the poor to cover his dirthy feet wid."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Better Left Unsaid.

A certain young poet is equally famous in the world of letters as an author and among his friends for his blunt candor that is forever betraying him into one of the things one would have preferred to say differently, as Du Maurier puts it. On his last birthday he was given a charming dinner by his doting parents, at which he was bitterly disappointed by the regret of several octables. Thus, when a society girl said to him at the close of the evening, "What a delightful time we have had!" he exclaimed from the fullness of his heart: "I'm glad it hasn't seemed dull to you. We invited some awfully clever people, but not one of them came!"—Philadelphia Press.

Pensions For Workingmen In Austria.

Under the provisions of the Austrian poor law, at 60 years of age a man may claim from his native town or commune a pension equal to one-third of the daily wages which he had received during his working years. The amount varies from 2 to 6 florins a month. In Vienna alone there are 16,000 persons pensions from the ci

She Had Been There.

Perdita—You haven't the faintest idea how much I love him.

Penelope—Oh, yes I have—I used to love him that way myself.—Brooklyn Life.

THE BRUTE AND THE HAT.

Nature of the Man Who Is Constantly Complaining of Woman's Headgear.

There is something extremely fatiguing in all this talk about the big hats at the theater. From every point come shafts of ridicule and even abuse to the woman who wears to the theater a bonnet larger than a saucepan. Those who make all this hubbub are the very ones who have the least right to, and I'll prove it.

It is generally man—plain, horrid, crabbed man—who finds so much fault with our hats. Now, I don't mind telling you that it is this same man who does more to spoil a lady's evening at the theater than all the hats in Christendom. You know him as well as I do, for you meet him at every theater. He seems to have nothing in the world to do but to go to playhouses and cause people to wish they had never been born.

This man, whom we all know, never gets to the theater until the play has begun. And, what is more astonishing and even more aggravating, he always selects a seat midway between two aisles and in the most crowded section of the house.

Down the aisle he—this horrid man—tramps, every step drowning at least two lines of the dialogue. At his row he stops and gloats over his victims as he counts how many there are. Adjusting his overcoat so that it will hit every hat in the line and dishevel every bang under those hats, he begins his mad plunge for his seat. His cane he carries so that it will catch every thread of lace or every ornament, while he so handles his feet as to take an inch of patent leather off every shoe.

Gained his seat and he casts his eye along the wreck he has wrought, looks into the face of every auditor in the house, bangs up his chair, then down again, throws his overcoat over it so that it will hit the victim behind him, and down he planks himself with a grunt of sublime satisfaction at having for once in his life made his presence felt by scores.

This is the individual who usually makes remarks about big hats in theaters.

And I am going to tell you how this ubiquitous acquaintance of ours was most beautifully "sat on" the other evening.

It was at a down town theater. The prettiest, daintiest, most exquisitely dressed little girl came in. Her hat was a perfect dream, though I'll admit it was rather large, yet it was so bewitchingly becoming that only a brute could have breathed a word against it. The girl had hardly seated herself and arranged a rebellious lock of hair that persisted in looking into her eyes, when this horrid brute of a man of whom I have been speaking gave vent to the following piece of pure, unadulterated brutishness:

"Oh, Lord! How am I expected to see through that hat?"

He rather flattered himself, I think, if he imagined the girl had any expectations in regard to him when she put the hat on. However, a dubious look passed over her face, she hesitated a moment, then raised her hands, unpinned her hat and took it off with a deep sigh that should have gone straight to that man's heart. She then turned around and with a charming smile, which went to show that a woman never does anything by halves, she asked:

"Is that better now?"

And this horrid man, this foe to hats, bangs, laces and ornaments, this trampler on rights and patent leather shoes, had the boldness to say that he believed he would go out to see a friend.

The girl! Oh, she held her hat throughout the performance.—Blanche Hastings in San Francisco Examiner.

Interesting Shy Men.

One of the characters in a modern novel is made to say: "I love a shy man. He is getting so scarce." Perhaps that is why he is so really delicious. When he blushes palpably, but without looking awkward, one is drawn toward him by a certain sentiment of affinity, and so long as he is just shy enough, but not too shy, he wins more and more upon one. To draw a really shy man out of his shyness is a pleasing task, and the more so as he is generally disinclined to give expression to the thoughts and ideas that he usually keeps locked fast away within himself. One comes upon a stray jewel or two now and then, in such cases, in the shape of an unexpected thought that astonishes the discoverer because it seems so different from the person from whom it emanates. I assure you, I think shy men are sometimes very charming, but then one must be a little shy one's self in order to appreciate them. Do you know any nice ones, and do you find that they only come out of their shell in a tete-a-tete, and not always then, so that there is a pleasing element of uncertainty about them which adds to the interest they inspire?—Cor. London Truth.

Marriage and the Jokers.

It illustrates the degree of personal freedom that Americans enjoy that none of our comic papers has ever been enjoined from the constant publication of jokes in derogation of the married state. One of the humorous contemporaries in particular, which rarely meddles with politics and is easily the leader of the journals of its class, applies itself from January to December to illustration of its apparent belief that courtship is always mercenary and matrimony a state of uneasy bondage. The theory has been advanced that this journal kept in its pay a poor young man in love to make evil speeches about all luckier men who can afford to wed and one or two victims of matrimonial mischance to think up sharp things about marriage. It is ascertained, however, that that theory does the said contemporary injustice.

The truth is that, as happy nations have no history worth mentioning, happy marriages and smooth and felicitous courtships are comparatively barren of marketable jokes. The jokers take gloomy views of human affection before and after marriage, not because they are against the institution or are personally embittered against either sex, but because the jokes come easier that way. Any one who doubts this explanation is invited to be convinced by the simple process of taking a suitable picture from one of the humorous papers and devising new jokes to fit it. If the jokes do not come easier and better on the hypothesis of conjugal disagreement than of mere conjugal affection, this explanation is at fault.—Harper's Weekly.

A Cat That Is Bound to Live.

When he wandered into our boarding house on Lackawanna avenue, he was a nice little tomcat with eyes as innocent as a child's. He used to stand on his hind legs and cry for milk, and as long as he conducted himself he was treated well. He, however, became thievish and insufferably lazy. He used to purloin the choicest beefsteaks, take them down to the cellar and devour them. He used also to get in the way of the girls, who were generally in a hurry at mealtime, and the help became thoroughly sick and tired of him.

One day the dishwasher flung him out of the fourth story back window. He didn't seem to mind it in the least though. He alighted on his paws, and looking up at the girl he winked his right eye, as much as to say, "No, you don't," and then walked leisurely round to the front of the house and came into the kitchen again in all his philosophic calm and just as though nothing unusual had happened.

The next day Thomas was tied up in a bag and deposited somewhere in the wilds near Taylor, but, lo and behold, he returned about three weeks afterward at 3 o'clock in the morning to his old home and woke up the whole block with his piteous appeals for food and shelter. He was given both. It was thought that he might possibly reform, but he didn't. He became still more thievish and lazy.

Then it was determined that he should die by poison. A nice juicy piece of beef was sprinkled with strychnine, and he was locked up in a closet with it for four days. Everybody thought he would be dead sure when the closet was opened, but he wasn't. He just simply purred and clawed the floor for joy when he was released. He had sense enough not to touch the poisoned meat at all. Finally he was locked down in the bottom cellar, the third from the surface of the street, and when seen a few days ago he was as fat and sleek and comfortable as any cat in the city of Scranton. He is living on rats, and the diet seems to agree with him.—Scranton Truth.

Diagnosing an Illness.

It would seem to be simple enough to attribute the fever which ordinarily follows the fracture of a leg to the irritation which is set up in the limb by the accident, yet, in point of fact, that fever is not seldom the result of the sympathetic disturbance of nerve centers, as, for example, those of the stomach, and in treating it it becomes necessary to take these into consideration. I have selected this illustration because the results of such an accident as the fracture of a leg would appear to be of all things the simplest to diagnose. When we approach such ailments as nervous diseases we find ourselves literally wandering in a maze through which there is no path. It is commonly enough known, even by those who have not studied medicine, that while each disease shows certain symptoms common to each recurrence of it, each case must be treated separately and allowance made for many things peculiar to the patient.

Among these are his or her occupation in life, habits, food, constitution or stamina, previous ailments and, above all, heredity or those tendencies which have come from his parents.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes in "Elsie Venner" makes the old family physician refer to the knowledge he has gained, during many years of practice, of the hereditary constitution of his patients, and the doctor adds that no school of science, no medical education can give this knowledge to his young competitors. All this is true, wonderfully true, and it is the lack of just this knowledge of the past which makes some cases of disease so terribly puzzling and which makes each case individual in itself.—Cyrus Edson, M. D., in North American Review.

The Steaming Process.

Two Detroit young ladies met at a dry goods counter and for a time blocked the channels of trade by an exchange of experiences.

"You are looking so transparent," said one. "Tell me, dearest, what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Steaming," answered dearest, with a self satisfied sigh. "It's tiresome and hot, but the end justifies the means. I don't use powder any more—the hot water has a better effect. I'm almost parboiled now. And you?"

"Do I look improved, dearest?"

"Oh, yes, yes. You are so spirituelle. Do you sit up all night?"

"No. I don't eat meat, and I pose. I just stare at nothing for hours and hours. That gives me the true Hindooistic expression of transcendentalism. Oh, dearest, it is so improving to look at nothing and think of nothing for a long time. It is like the Sphinx."

"Excuse me," answered dearest slangily. "If I went into such 'improvement,' the family would shut me up and feed me on bread and water. I steam my features on the sly as it is."

Then these souls in Mufti fell to buying dry goods like ordinary women who do not pose, neither do they steam.—Detroit Free Press.

Well Parried.

"I should think you would feel very cheap," said the spendthrift's father at the close of an hour's lecture.

"I would, father," returned the lad, "if you hadn't given me to understand that I was so very costly."—Harper's Bazar.

How Times Have Changed.

"Oh, for some new coined name by which to call him! Oh, for some name no other lips could give!" was the prayer of Violet until she married him. Now she is content to call him Old Beeswax. —Exchange.

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County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty fifth-st.
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St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 92 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James V Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, P E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 13th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorland, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Dayton st.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, W McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauer, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 70 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

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Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael F Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

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Dated Chicago, June 22, 1893.

CHARLES J. SULLIVAN, Administrator.

James McEnerny, Attorney for estate.

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